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CHRONICLE.

THE House of Lords occupied itself on Friday week with a Bill for the Better Protection of Children—a most estimable measure, which has only the drawback of irresistibly reminding the profane by its title of the action of Mr. BROWNING'S Duke's Guard "for the Better Prevention of Scandals." Both sittings of the House of Commons on the same day were well occupied, if not with good things. The morning was devoted to an instruction moved by Mr. COBB on going into Committee on the Allotments Bill, to create Parish Councils for the purpose of carrying out its provisions. This proposal—an exceedingly dubious one in itself—was very properly resisted by the Government, not on the merits, but on the obviously solid ground that the top-hammer of the addition would wreck the Bill; a result perhaps not altogether unanticipated by Mr. COBB and his great leader, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The instruction was thrown out by 249 to 210. In the evening a far more important and interesting debate took place on Dr. CAMERON'S Scotch Disestablishment Resolution, the rejection of which by 256 to 218, though satisfactory enough, was less interesting than the discussion which preceded it. Mr. GLADSTONE at last threw off the mask which he has so long worn; or, if the phrase be preferred, threw the last remnant of his conscience to the Liberationist wolves. In a speech remarkable, even in his mouth, for ingenious prevarication, he endeavoured to harmonize his previous declarations on the subject, and contended generally that the Scotch people, if they only would, should be disestablished "without knowing it"—as quacksalvers draw teeth. This speech produced a spirited and straightforward reply from the LORD ADVOCATE, gladly accepting the ground of battle now at last cleared, and some very interesting remarks from Lord HARTINGTON, affirming his own position in the matter, and referring to differences of opinion, especially as to foreign policy, in the days when he and Mr. GLADSTONE were not formally disunited.

The complete freedom of the Opposition from obstructive tendencies was well exhibited on Monday, when the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill—that is to say, practically the Budget again—came on for second reading. This, though not half the House of Commons was present, and two-thirds of those present were Ministerialists, was not obtained without the application of the Closure, and afterwards there broke out on the subject of Committee one of those wrangles, half unintelligible to the innocent observer, which mean that an Opposition feels the most uncomfortable of all sentiments, that of impotent and consciously unreasonable wrath. The objections put forward in the debate were of the desultory and inconsistent kind which is most easily answered; the fact being that, though the Budget is not a specially good Budget, it takes the particular wind out of the particular sails of the Opposition pretty cunningly.

On Tuesday the House of Lords read Lord DENMAN'S Municipal Franchise Extension (Ireland) Bill a first time, and forwarded some other business. The House of Commons was occupied at both sittings with the Allotments Bill, or subjects akin to it—in the morning with amendments to the Bill itself, and in the evening with Mr. R. T. REID'S resolution, allowing Town and County Councils to cut and carve the lands of their neighbours at their own sweet will. The morning proceedings were somewhat uninteresting, the Government, however, securing majorities when necessary of between sixty and seventy. At night, in a thinner House, Mr. REID'S resolution was thrown out by sixteen votes only (175 to 159), for this is one of the ever-multiplying subjects which cant has marked for its own. Mr. REID himself renewed the astonishment which his appearances in

the House always cause, at the manner in which within those sacred precincts he divests himself of the ability which he occasionally shows outside them. He was even so left to himself that he could not perceive the *vis salutis* which the SPEAKER, in declaring the first form of his resolution out of order, pointed out to him, till Mr. JOHN MORLEY came to his rescue and explained it. When he came to speak he repeated the exploded nonsense about the Sutherland evictions. Now, either Mr. REID is ignorant of, or he ignores, the very accessible rectifications of Mr. SELLAR and others on this subject. If he has not got up his case properly, he has no business to speak on it; if he knows the facts and pretends not to know them—why, it is unnecessary to finish the sentence. Fortunately Mr. CHAPLIN put the truth clearly and without flinching. But it is an instance of the sort of false dogma which is created by confident assertion that members, not on one side only, seem to have been positively alarmed, as men in the presence of a daring heretic, when Mr. AMBROSE enunciated the simple and sensible proposition that "fair terms" in the mouth of Mr. REID and his friends mean terms grossly unfair to the landlord.

The necessary off-subject on which to waste a day was provided on Wednesday by Mr. RATHBONE'S Charitable Trusts Bill, the object of which is to extend the operation of the Charity Commissioners to charities over fifty pounds annual value. We are rather sorry that the Government accepted this. That the old minor charities were often and are sometimes misapplied is true enough; but we are bound to say that the applications of them by the Charity Commissioners are sometimes no better intrinsically, while they constantly set at nought the intentions of the donors, and too often all local interests and wishes. However, it would seem that no Government now is strong enough to set itself against the policy of meddle and fiddle, and to say bravely "Can't you let it alone?" The Bill, at any rate, by the discussion of it, kept out a perhaps worse measure of a not dissimilar kind—Mr. BRYCE'S Access to Mountains Bill. Speaking as old pedestrians who enjoy nothing more than going up and down in waste places (the implication is at anybody's service), we can safely say that this interference with private rights is as superfluous as it is unwarranted. The vast majority of landlords never interpose the slightest obstacle in the way of well-conducted persons who at proper times wish to traverse their properties; and nobody except a Cook's tourist of the worst kind has any more wish to force himself on Lord This's or Mr. That's ground contrary to the desire of the owner than he has to intrude into Mr. BRYCE'S drawing-room.

Thursday was almost entirely occupied in the Commons by a somewhat tedious discussion of the minor Budget proposals—a large number of members having their say on currants, silver plate, inhabited houses, and so forth. The most important incident to the serious-minded was the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER'S consent to the suggestion (coming, *quod minime veris*, from Mr. HEALY) of a forced time of detention of spirits in bond for a year. This is a measure worth all the Temperance people's plans put together, but not likely to be carried far enough; for no spirit ought to be sold till it is at least three years old, and five would be better. The most interesting incident to the frivolous was an outburst of vulgarity sillier, and silliness more vulgar, than usual, from Dr. TANNER against Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. On the same afternoon the House of Lords had advanced some measures, conversed on Technical Instruction, and read the Companies Bill a second time.

The most important event of foreign politics during the week has been the German EMPEROR'S Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Reichstag on Tuesday. It did not, however, contain very

Foreign
Affairs.

much, and his Imperial Majesty has been so remarkably lavish of allocutions of different sorts that both *urbs* and *orbis* must be getting a little accustomed to them. WILLIAM II. was probably wise (and the HOHENZOLLERN mind would not trouble itself to ask whether he was generous) in making no reference to the change of Chancellors. There was not a little about the industrial schemes which have at present only resulted in giving the police of Europe a great deal of extra work, and there was the usual encomium of peace, with recommendations to spend something like an extra million sterling annually, with more "non-recurrent," on making ready for war. The colonial references were few and vague, but intimated activity, the absence of detail being probably enough accounted for by the negotiations now going on in reference to the subject between the German and English Foreign Offices.—In France people seem to be discovering a saviour of society in M. CONSTANS, and M. RIBOT, if all tales are true, has adopted in reference to Egyptian finance that policy of "seeing and going one better" (politics are so very like gambling that the *argot* of the one may fairly extend to the other) which was prophesied.—The Labour demonstration of last Thursday has, like some diseases, been more troublesome in its consequences than in itself. Many fresh strikes have been announced, and actual riot broke out towards the end of last week, not only in the manufacturing district of Roubaix, in France, and at Marseilles, but at Barcelona and Valencia, in Spain. Nor did affairs improve much at the beginning of the present week, fresh strikes being reported on Monday from Berlin, Cologne, and other places, especially from Hungary, where the Pesth bakers resorted to the old plan of secession and found a Mons Sacer in an island of the Danube. Martial law was proclaimed at Barcelona.—There has been during the week something of a crisis, or rather a series of small crises, of the Ministerial kind in Rome, symptoms being not wanting that the usual unpopularity of long pre-eminence is settling round Signor CRISPI; but nothing serious has happened as yet.

The Eight Hours' Movement. In London the promised Eight Hours' Demonstration was duly held in Hyde Park, on Sunday, and was attended by a very large number of persons, chiefly, or at any rate in great part, consisting of women and girls in holiday dress, crowded into vans of every description. The police arrangements were particularly good, small pickets being so disposed that without obtrusive show of force men enough to bar the road could have been mustered in less than a minute at any point, while a slightly longer time would have mustered a force, both on foot and mounted, sufficient to deal with any mob. It was also noticeable that when a knot of dubious-looking folk passed, one of these police pickets would leave its station and move along carelessly with them, so as to be on the spot to prevent a rally. That there was no occasion to test these arrangements was probably due in part to the fact that they were made, though it is fair to say that by far the greater number of the processionists appeared perfectly inoffensive. The speaking was of the usual order, Mr. JOHN BURNS being as full of vanity, in the one sense, and Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM as full of it, in the other, as usual. Mr. BURNS thanked God (or whatever substitute he worships) that he was not as these BROADHURSTS and SHIPTONS, and observed that the "Marseillaise" was better suited to the occasion than "God Save the Queen." We do not often agree with this blustering railer, but here we say ditto to Mr. BURNS very heartily. Both the associations and the words of the windiest piece of rant that ever was married to a fine air, and helped to prostitute that air to the purposes of ruinous folly, are very well suited to him and to his friends.

Meetings. Many "May meetings" have been held during the week. The company of mischievous imbeciles who call themselves the Church Association led off on Monday, congratulating themselves on the petty persecutions which they have instigated. Two other Societies—neither very wise, but neither as mischievous or as imbecile as this—the National Temperance League and the International Arbitration Association, "functioned" on the same day under the respective presidencies of the Bishop of LONDON and Lord HERSHELL. The Liberation Society followed on Wednesday, and was appropriately addressed, amid much jubilation over Mr. GLADSTONE's recent performance, by Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN ("Saved 1885-6," as they say of champagne shipped such and such a year), and by that

eminent and profound theologian and political philosopher, the author of *Obiter Dicta*.

Speeches. On Friday week Mr. STANLEY began his arduous series of receptions (as they call them in a country where such things are still more usual than with us), and he has continued them since. Some further comment on them will be found on a later page.—Mr. LABOUCHERE, speaking in Keighley at the end of last week, comforted himself for abuse by "abstracts" with the thought that he was doing his duty "to his Radical masters." Hence we see that Mr. LABOUCHERE's view of the abstract differs from the view of that malignant Tory EVAN DHU MACCOMBICH and most of his party since. "My master! My Master is in Heaven!" said EVAN, and so say all of us. But Mr. LABOUCHERE—a Christian man belike, or perhaps one of nature's JEAMESES—is humbler, and acknowledges the mastership of the common Radical.—Chief of all dinners and feedings where they talk (but the feedings where they do not talk are best) is, by common consent, the Academy banquet. The President distinguished himself as usual on Saturday last; nor were his respondents below the occasion. Lord SALISBURY is always good in such cases, and Mr. JOHN MORLEY would have been very good likewise if he had not tried too hard to take Lord SALISBURY's points, without always succeeding. But one utterance of Mr. MORLEY's has puzzled us horribly. "We possess," he said, "in one branch of the Legislature 'the author of the most fascinating literary biography in the language.'" Now it would be good news to us that either JAMES BOSWELL or JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (and there can be no possible third competitor) were a member of Parliament. But perdition catch our souls if we knew that either of them was in this lower world, let alone the Lower House.—On Wednesday two considerable speeches of the political kind were made to Unionist meetings by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Oxford, and by Mr. GOSCHEN, at Rawtenstall; while Lord GRANVILLE provided a mild antidote at Tunbridge Wells.

Miscellaneous. It seems almost like announcing that the sun has ceased to rise to announce that Lord ROSEBURY's review of the proceedings of the County Council, which has met a man's eyes at breakfast for ever so many days, has come to an end at last. The worst of it is that now Lord ROSEBURY has left off talking the Council will begin, and of the two we greatly prefer the talk of the shepherd to that of the sheep.—On Monday judgment was given in the House of Lords on the very important and protracted dispute between the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railway Companies on the subject of "pooling" the Shorncliffe fares, the decision being in favour of the Chatham and Dover; while on the same day Mrs. WELDON lost a batch of actions brought by her against country booksellers for selling books containing imputations on her.—Next day the Bishop of LONDON refused, for pretty obvious reasons, an application which had been heard at some length for a licence to celebrate marriages in a building called St. George's Chapel.—Much attention has been excited by the horrible incidents attending the burning of a lunatic asylum at Montreal.—Colonel RICH's Report on the Carlisle collision does not agree with the verdict of the jury, the accident being attributed by him to an error—though an excusable error—of judgment on the driver's part.—On Thursday the Court of Appeal supported Mr. Justice STEPHEN and the Divisional Court by rejecting Mr. O'BRIEN's appeal in the matter of his suit against Lord SALISBURY. It is said that Mr. O'BRIEN will go in *forma pauperis* to the House of Lords.—It has also been announced that Mr. O'BRIEN is about to marry a lady with four thousand a year.—Sir THOMAS FARRER has written to Sir WILFRID LAWSON expressing dislike of the Government licensing proposals. This may be important to compilers of those chronicles which a penny-aliner would describe as "connected with the brewing interest," but do we not hear Sir THOMAS FARRER's opinions on things in general a little often? These unmuzzled Civil servants always *commencent à nous embêter* before long.

Obituary. All names in this week's obituary are dwarfed by that of Mr. JAMES NASMYTH, whose steam-hammer has for the best part of half a century provided English with a current phrase and simile before unknown; though Mr. DRESSER ROGERS, of the defunct Metropolitan Board of Works and the Corporation of London, was an active and, in his way, a useful public servant.

The book which must rank as the "book of the week" is Lord LYTTON'S *Ring of Amasis* (MACMILLAN). It is sure to be read with interest, though (or, perhaps, partly because) it is a re-handling of work a quarter of a century old.

THE EGYPTIAN DEBT.

THE study of politics, if any other, is not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose. Very few weeks pass without the presentation to capable audiences of political comedies—not so very many months without the presentation of political tragedies—which are far better than any which hold the actual theatre; and among these comedies "The French SHYLOCK and the Poor Debtor of Egypt," as acted with applause on divers stages for the last year or so, claims and deserves a high place. It is said that this comedy is about to be withdrawn for a while; but the latest form of it is certainly the most attractive. We write before the actual fall of the curtain for the last time, and, as some well-graced actors use, the company is constantly changing the precise presentation, while parts, of course, change still oftener. M. RIBOT now representing SHYLOCK, in place of that old favourite of the public, M. SPULLER, and so forth. To dismount from metaphor, which is a good jade for a short distance, but a laggard at a long one, it has been reported this week that the efforts of Mr. EDWIN PALMER and TIGRANE Bey at Paris have been crowned with a kind of success. France has at length consented to the Conversion of the Preference Debt, and has covered her consent with an ingenious, but unfortunately tell-tale, extension of the original proposal. Though she feared not God, neither regarded man, as that astonishingly frank judge says in Holy Writ, yet was it a little awkward to go on posing before Europe as SHYLOCK pure and simple, with even Russia crying shame on her. So M. RIBOT, they say, has consented that Egypt shall pay for what money she wants in the market the market price, and no more. But he has taken the test with a qualification. The Daira and Domain loans are to be converted too. Why, so much the better, of course. Only, the debts are not to be converted, as one would expect, into simple Consols. Separate administrations are to be preserved; the fact being that French subjects are largely interested in the administration of the minor debts, and that the policy of France, as always recently, is a policy, if not of *pourboire*, yet of *pot-de-vin*. And the small extra saving from these new conversions is to be disposed of only by the consent of all the Powers—the policy of France being, as always recently, a policy of trying to creep back, little by little, to the position she lost by the *rifuto* of eight years ago. And no further conversion is to take place for fifteen years, the *particulier* with divers coloured bonds in his desk being a very important person in France, and the policy of the French Government being, as always recently, a policy of looking over its shoulder at him.

For ourselves, we care very little whether any or all of these curious stipulations are granted, provided always that, in one way or other, the supremacy, for a time indefinite and indeterminate, of England in Egypt is preserved. Our influence has put Egypt in a condition to force France, for very shame, to make even these grudging concessions, with all the bloom taken off them by the other concessions to private greed; and our influence, if continued, will put Egypt in the way to secure greater concessions still. The prettiest of all golden bridges may be built for that flying enemy, for aught we care, provided always that the enemy be made to fly. As for the rumours further current of concessions on England's part to Turkey, of departure with the right of re-entry, and so forth, these are matters in which a certain latitude must be left to the Government of the day. It is excessively unlikely that, in the face of the declared opinions of an agent so little Chauvinist or Jingo as Sir EVELYN BARING, Lord SALISBURY will let Egypt slip through his fingers. If he did, we should be the first to send for a Wealemefta, and to calculate the distance on the map from Arlington Street to Tyburn. So long as the hold of England on Egypt is maintained, no concession to French or Turkish vanity, or to French greed, will matter provided that Egypt is not oppressed thereby; and there also we may take courage. Amid all the *déboires*, and disguests,

and disgraces of the last decade, English action in Egypt stands out as the one thing done which is worthy of the nation, as a whole, whatever blots of black and red be on it in parts. We have been so successful that we can afford to be generous; but by whomsoever generosity is carried too far, on his head be it.

CONFESSIONS OF AUTHORS.

THE good-natured simplicity of the literary class was never so well illustrated as in *The Art of Authorship*. This truly astonishing little book is compiled by Mr. GEORGE BAINTON, and murmurs with the soft confessions of "Leading Authors of the Day" (JAMES CLARKE & Co.) Mr. BAINTON says that he was "requested by a number of young men to address them upon the art of composition and effective public speech." He, therefore, wrote in the modern way to all sorts of people whom he did not know asking for "personal experience and advice." Then he made a volume out of the artless babblings of "leading writers." Whether they were all informed that their replies were to be printed, whether they had any notion of the company in which they were to march through Coventry, we are not certain. "Several names of eminent living writers are not to be found here"; they were not to be "drawn." Others less wise, but not wholly beguiled, reply in a sentence or two. The majority of "eminent living writers," however, pour forth autobiography with guileless gratification. Here are Mr. FREEMAN and the author of *Boottles's Baby*; here are M. RENAN and Mr. HALL CAINE, Mr. ROBERT BROWNING and AMELIA E. BARR.

Some authors are frisky in their confessions; some obviously cherish a grudge against the world and their brother authors; almost all, except the best, have a happy sense of their own importance; and, with one exception, nobody has anything to say about style, and so forth, that is worth saying. The exception, of all people, is Mr. MARK TWAIN. He is serious, which is not "MARK's way," and he is sensible, and gives one something worth thinking about. As a rule, most people remark that reading and writing come by nature, that the style is the man, that they don't know what made them so awfully clever, that writing should be simple and lucid; and the very authors who are most affected are often strongest against affectation, like STEENIE denouncing the guilt of incontinence. They often say that the writer is born, not made, and almost everybody recommends the reading of good books.

The autobiographies are the queerest things. Mr. HALL CAINE "began, oddly enough, by copying Lord BROUGHAM'S 'weighty eloquence.' *Das ist sehr interessant*. Miss MARIE CORELLI is "in early life; I suppose you would not consider a woman of twenty-four very old!" Certainly not; it is the very June of maidenhood, with

Roses, roses all the way,
And myrtles mixed in the path like mad.

Miss CORELLI "writes rapidly, and corrects and revises with an almost fastidious care." This is the way to go to work. Professor HUXLEY has always turned a deaf ear to the common advice to "study good models." We would not hear his enemies say it. RITA'S "early life was passed in a wild part of Australia." RITA "never draws out plots, nor gives much thought to the book." The author of *Boottles's Baby* "was a thorough bad lot at school," she informs the world, and, what is worse, "I found myself gradually slipping into the Rhoda Broughton school." The lady may make herself quite happy; she has not slipped into any kind of rivalry with Miss BROUGHTON. As for that novelist, a sentence or two contains her fear that "she can be of no use to you, except as a warning." For all authors are not conceited, nor do they, like the creator of *Boottles's Baby*, Mr. FREEMAN, and Mr. Another think it right to speak literary evil of their contemporaries. Mr. FREEMAN only attacks —, whoever he may be, for — had said that "Queen MARY was *enceinte*." Mr. —, a poet, finds fault with the obscurities of Mr. ROBERT BROWNING and Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH:—"I do not believe Mr. BROWNING could have written clearly if he would, and as he is unlikely to find imitators, I would not willingly say a word against a style which is weighted with so much noble yet difficult thought." Mr. — regards "obscurity in verse as a fatal error." He himself has "been much helped by his experience as a conveyancing counsel of long practice in

"drafting legal instruments." Perhaps it is good for a minstrel to have "penned a stanza when he should engross." These things are printed in a published book. Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS talks of "the sordid blackguards of Dons who pretend 'to educate young people' at Oxford. Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS may have been unlucky in his experience of Dons, and is certainly unhappy in his language. Mr. JOHN PAYNE's prose is committed to paper "well nigh as lyrically as my verse." Mr. E. W. HOWE, an American genius, "has only read one 'author thoroughly—DICKENS.'" That is one more author than many modern leading writers have studied thoroughly. Mrs. RICHMOND RITCHIE, on the other hand, was told by Mr. THACKERAY, when she was a girl, that "she had much 'better read a few books instead of scribbling so much.'" Mr. THACKERAY has elsewhere observed that no people read so little as literary men. "I remember," says Mrs. RITCHIE, "his once showing me a page of the *Newcomes* altogether 'rewritten, with simpler words put in the place of longer 'ones.'" Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD says, "I really believe I 'could sit down without an instant's preparation and write 'a very respectable story.'" Then why not do it at once? Professor E. DOWDEN narrates the legend of his literary boyhood. It is not very exciting. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN differs from most of this army of advisers in seeing that the method and form of expression should vary with the purpose for which it is intended. Sir EDWIN ARNOLD thinks that to write simple English well a man should know at least as many languages as he himself does, eight or nine—including Pushtoo, we hope. It was thus that WALTON, HOOKER, BUTLER, SCOTT, COBBETT, THACKERAY, and others learned to write with simplicity and like the *Daily Telegraph*. On the other hand, Mr. MARION CRAWFORD says "a man does not read Sanskrit in order to 'improve his style in English.'" But Mr. GRANT ALLEN, with whom we are happy to agree, "attaches much importance to the average classical education." Mr. SHORTHOUSE is "not afraid of what is called fine writing"; while the Master of Balliol says (in an uncommonly laconic note, "fine passages had better be cut out." Apparently the Master gave this advice long ago to Mr. JOHN A. SYMONDS, and, as that author says, "checked my tendency to a vague 'and sentimental rhetoric.'" When Canon LIDDON is made to talk of the *Causenès de Lundi* we presume that only the editor has read his proofs, and that the editor does not know so many languages as Sir EDWIN ARNOLD. Mr. EDGAR FAWCETT has endeavoured to be "lucid, imper-sonal, and melodious." The style of Sir RICHARD BURTON has been benefited by stiff examinations in six languages, "not to speak of Arabic and Pushtoo." Perhaps the Professors of English should always teach Pushtoo; it seems to offer a most valuable training. Miss ROSE TERRY COOKE has never read BYRON, except a few of his lyrics. Mr. FROUDE, like the Master of Balliol, cuts out his fine passages. Mr. HAGGARD holds that, without natural powers, "disappointment must result." He does not add that an intimate acquaintance with the niceties of the Zulu speech is indispensable to a well-graced author. The author of the *Reproach of Annesley* thinks that the young might judiciously compare that masterpiece as it appeared in a magazine with the same fiction in its second state sublime, "in volumes." This is practical, at all events. We do not believe that Miss MABEL ROBINSON really spoke of "resting 'satisfied with a word à plie-près.'" Mr. W. D. HOWELLS "seeks to get back to the utmost simplicity of expression." VIRGIL "did a great deal" for Mr. G. P. LATHROP; "HOMER, oddly enough, not so much so." Miss BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD objects to "lush smiles" and "claret eyes." "This," she says, "is balderdash." Perhaps the author criticized wrote "lushy smiles," which might be inelegant, but would not be nonsense.

Authors are innocent kindly people, and will answer the most superfluous questions at length. Whether their innocence is wisdom we may doubt, and we do congratulate Mr. GLADSTONE on having escaped, for once, the net of the Fowler.

MR. STANLEY'S RECEPTION.

THOUGH some may murmur of "lion-hunting," and others may abstractedly or softly mention "Buffalo Bill," we do not think that any one can complain that Mr. STANLEY's reception in England has been unequal to his merits or his exertions. He has dined with the QUEEN; he has twice been the chief speaker at gatherings (one held

by the EMIN Relief Committee, and one by the Geographical Society) where the PRINCE OF WALES did him the honour of attending and taking a main part; he has received gold medals of great size. He has been able to give his own account of things once more—an opportunity which, perhaps, he did not prize least. And we are very glad to admit that, on the whole, he gave this account not only with the spirit and mastery which are always expected from him, but with better taste and temper than perhaps were expected. On the first occasion, in particular, he took, it would seem, particular pains to clear himself from the reproach of not speaking handsomely enough of his officers, though certain admirers of his have been beforehand with us in pointing out that, as if exhausted with this effort, he left the duty of making any mention of those followers on the second occasion entirely to the PRINCE OF WALES, although they no less than himself were the specially invited and decorated heroes of the particular function. The truth is, however, that, when a man allows egotism to reach the height which it has reached in Mr. STANLEY, exhibitions of it are as natural and as unconscious as in persons who have cultivated courtesy are graceful compliments to others. Cynics may go further if they like, and say that the apparent churlishness of the egotist is as devoid of real malevolence as the apparent generosity of the courteous man is devoid of real good-will. But of this no more. Suffice it that Mr. STANLEY, contrary to his wont, and taking a good lesson well, spoke of his followers on Friday week pretty much as they ought to be spoken of. And it is interesting to know why Mr. STANLEY does not praise his subordinates. He is, it seems, exactly of the opinion of Mr. BAGNET—"But I 'never tell her so. Discipline must be maintained.'"

We are inclined to think that he lost nothing by the restrictions of which he good-humouredly enough complained. That he was not to talk about EMIN was a distinct gain; for it is observable that Mr. STANLEY never shows to so little advantage as when he talks of EMIN, nor EMIN to so little advantage as when he talks of STANLEY. The deprivation of the subject of African geography was only a postponement to Monday; and, as for politics, that is a thorny subject which Mr. STANLEY has not particularly studied, and on which we do not know that his opinions would be of any particular value. Even as it was, he did not let either EMIN or politics quite alone, and it was, perhaps, impossible that he should. He made the best defence possible for his selection of the West Coast route by informing his audience that, with (we are afraid we must say) characteristic selfishness, both French and Germans had protested against his taking the East Coast route. But he did not explain what *locus standi* of protest either French or Germans had against a route which, as far as the Victoria Nyanza, lay within the British sphere, while beyond it neither nation has any interests. About the second reproach which has been made against him—the employment of TIPPOO TIB—he said still less; indeed, so little as to make it unnecessary to argue the point with him. Both addresses were chiefly occupied with accounts of the new country traversed. There may be those who, having no abstract delight in big things, fail to share Mr. STANLEY's joy in having established the fact that there are ten thousand million more trees (or whatever it is) in the world than there were thought to be. Except that it will furnish some new CATULLUS with a fresh comparison for his demand of kisses from some new LESBIA, we see nothing particularly interesting in the ten thousand millions. And we are not at all sure that the natives will have any cause to bless civilization when civilization comes to them. Nevertheless, and in spite of all differences of view and standard of taste and form, Mr. STANLEY has done a very difficult thing very well; and on his own theories of praise he ought to prize this measured encomium of ours more than the fluent flattery of the average journalist. If it be true that he has, under direction, taken steps to secure the advantage of his discoveries to the nation which, in its own odd way, enabled him to make them, we as Englishmen thank him.

MR. GOSCHEN'S DEFENCE OF HIS BUDGET.

WE cannot say that Mr. GOSCHEN's detailed defence—spirited and able though it was—of the provisions of his Budget has converted us from the opinion which we expressed with regard to it on the morrow of its introduc-

tion. Rather we are inclined to think that the debate of the other night on the second reading of the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill might be appealed to for confirmation of our view. A debate of that description may be regarded in two quite distinct aspects; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, of course, confined himself exclusively to the one which could be represented as favourable to his scheme. He remarked, that is to say, that "everybody who had taken part in the discussion had been answering everybody else." Well, that of course is highly convenient for a speaker who has to reply upon the whole case; but this simplification of the task of dealing with his critics in detail does not at all necessarily tend to clear him of the main charge which he has to answer. On the contrary, it only lends it additional force and plausibility. For it would be hard, indeed, if a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is accused of "frittering away a surplus" were not able to point to the fact that his critics answer each other. That, indeed, is one of the necessary consequences of distributing his bounty among a variety of claimants. Every recipient, or representative of recipients, of a share in it may be counted upon to defend at least one provision of the Budget and to "answer everybody else" who attacks it; so that the possibility of playing them off against each other is not a refutation, but the establishment, of the charge of "frittering away." The gravamen of that charge is not that the distributor of the surplus fails to make many Parliamentary friends by his mode of dealing with it; it is that, in the effort to multiply the number of these friends, he misses the opportunity of conferring substantial or lasting benefit on any class of the community. Thus, while it is quite true that the advocates of the reduction of the tea-duty answer the complainants against the additional "sixpence a gallon" on spirits, and *vice versa*, and that the relief of the payer of Inhabited House-duty can be pleaded against the protests of the unrelieved Income-tax payer, and so on throughout the whole Budget, it may still remain, and we think it still does remain, true that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has disposed of his surplus without extracting from it as much advantage as it was capable of yielding either to the prosperity and well-being of his countrymen, the interests of his party, or his own financial reputation.

Nor can we quit what is to us the unwelcome office of adverse criticism without commenting upon one other very peculiar feature of the arrangements for the current year. They display to us the, to say the least of it, unusual phenomenon of a Chancellor of the Exchequer who, with a surplus of three millions and a half to dispose of, has found it necessary to impose, and has created for himself fresh controversial difficulties by imposing, new taxation to a large amount. We do not of course say that such an arrangement necessarily condemns itself, or that it is incapable of defence; but we certainly hold that it needs defence, and that the burden of proving its necessity must be well supported by the Finance Minister who proposes that policy. Now we must confess that, in our judgment, the proposed increase of the Spirit-duties is a measure which, though it may be justifiable on sound principles of finance, has not as yet been so justified. On the contrary, we fear it must be said that the reasons put forward by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER laid him open from the outset to attack. We have not often the happiness of agreeing with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on any question, financial or other, but we are certainly disposed to concur in his dissent from the very first principle laid down by Mr. GOSCHEN in connexion with this matter. We mean the "new doctrine," as the member for Derby described it, "of appropriating the taxes in respect of the people who paid them," so that the benefits of an increased yield from indirect taxation must of necessity be distributed among the class of indirect taxpayers. We agree with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT that it is a doctrine which "may lead to great difficulties hereafter"; but our present point is, that whether this be its character or not, it was no sooner laid down than it was directly contravened by Mr. GOSCHEN himself. Having affirmed it for the purpose of justifying a reduction of the tea-duty, he immediately proceeded to throw it overboard by proposing an addition to the spirit-duties. In other words, he appeared to hold that, while financial justice demands the distribution of a surplus mainly derived from indirect taxation among indirect taxpayers in general, there is no injustice in not only denying any share of it to the very class of taxpayers who have provided it, but in actually adding to their burdens. It is clear that a doctrine so flexible as this cannot possess

much backbone of principle; and, in truth, we cannot think that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER appealed to it otherwise than as a conventional phrase. He wanted to reduce the tea-duties, and a convenient financial maxim had to be forthcoming, whether one that would hold water or not, in support of the step. In the same way his plans required an increase of the spirit-duties, and so another "neat and appropriate" dictum must be produced for a similar purpose.

Would that Mr. GOSCHEN had confined himself to financial saws in this latter case also, and had not strayed into the region of sentimental morality! Into this region, however, he did stray, and he owes most of the criticisms his Budget has thus far encountered—and all the soundest of them—to his unlucky declaration that "the tipplers should pay for the tea." It is impossible even for a political friend and supporter to feel unmixed sympathy with him. He was betrayed—a rare experience for him—into claptrap; and it is good that the Nemesis which waits on claptrap should overtake every statesman who condescends to it. Why should the tipplers pay for the tea-drinkers? asked more than one of Mr. GOSCHEN's critics the other night; and, indeed, why, it was demanded by one of them, should the persons to whose increased consumption of spirits the surplus is in great measure owing be branded as "tipplers" at all? There is no answer to these questions, we fear, except the very awkward one that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, finding himself exposed to the temptation to play to that gallery in which Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. CAINE occupy a front row and lead the applause and hisses, in a fatal moment of weakness gave way to it. There may, no doubt, be good financial grounds for raising the tax on any article of general consumption which is found to be increasing its yield to the Exchequer; for the increase is or may be a sign that the tax at its present point is comparatively unfelt by the consumer. But when taxation is raised on this ground the step is taken on precisely opposite principles to those avowed by Mr. GOSCHEN, and its results are watched from a precisely opposite point of view. In such a case the object of a Chancellor of the Exchequer is to increase his revenue from the article up to the highest point attainable without checking its consumption. In the case before us—that of the spirit-duties—the professed object—and a monstrous profession it is for a Finance Minister to lend himself to—is actually to diminish revenue, and not merely to check, but, if possible, absolutely to arrest, the consumption of the article.

It was again, we think, a doubtful piece of tactics to lay so much stress on the fact that the cost of the extinction of licences is to be defrayed out of the increased yield of the spirit-duties. A few unthinking plaudits were won from those eulogists of the plan who seem to have regarded it as an ingenious way of making the sellers of alcoholic liquors pay the expense involved in the work of reducing their own numbers. But of course the people who will really pay this are not the publicans, but the public. The incidence of the enhanced duty must necessarily be on the consumer, who, if he does not pay it in the form of a higher price for his spirits, will do so in the form of a reduction of their strength. Moreover, the mistaken allocation of the increase in the tax to the purpose in question resulted in providing the Parnellites with one of the few plausibilities which they were able to import into their attack on this provision of the Budget. Mr. DILLON of course characteristically overdid the thing in protesting against the "monstrous" step of levying a tax on an Irish article of consumption in order to extinguish English licensed houses and to superannuate "English policemen." The last part of the complaint comes, as the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER pointed out, with comical unreason from the representative of a country in which there is no question of contribution to police superannuation, because the entire charge is borne by the State. But there is a slightly more substantial appearance about the former half of the grievance, and it is to be regretted that Mr. GOSCHEN should have presented the Irish members with even the semblance of an argument in support of that case of "injustice to Ireland" which at all other points he so triumphantly demolished.

THE SWEATING REPORT.

THE spasmodic treatment of social subjects at the present time is strikingly illustrated by the way in which the Report of the Sweating-system Committee has been received. A little while ago, and the evils of this

system, the heartlessness it developed, the miseries it inflicted, threw half the community into a condition of hysteria. A Committee of the House of Lords was appointed to investigate the matter. After a long course of inquiry, during which nearly three hundred witnesses were examined, the Committee's Report appears, and excites so little attention that it may be almost said to have fallen dead from the draftsman's hands. The newspapers, otherwise occupied, deal with it in the most languid and perfunctory manner, and where people meet there is far less talk about it than of the Military Exhibition. If the "gush" of three years since was excessive, the neglect of to-day is excessive too; but we cannot congratulate ourselves on obtaining thereby a satisfactory balance of sentiment.

If we did not know the inconstancy of public feeling, the general neglect of the Committee's Report might be all put down to disappointment. Disappointing to sensation-mongers it is to a considerable extent. It tells us little that was not known before; the conclusions of the Committee, drawn from familiar evidence, differ in only a few unimportant particulars from those which had been commonly formed already; and their recommendations afford no new hopes of remedy, or even of any considerable degree of palliation. In this, however, there is nothing that should surprise anybody, or that can disappoint a single creature who has ever thought about the matter in a reasonable and knowledgeable way. The Committee seem to have taken some pains to establish a clear definition of what "sweating" is, and they could make nothing even of that; so complicated is the subject over which they spent more than seventy sessions. Not that any exact and comprehensive definition is needed before we begin to understand the "sweating system." There is no peculiarity about it; it is not a system apart; it is simply the application in certain grades of business of the universal practice (at one time accounted a virtue) of making the sharpest and most profitable bargain that can possibly be contrived. Sweating goes on from the topmost heights of commerce to the terrible depths where the Russian Jew swelters for eighteen hours a day over his "sleeve-board," and where Englishwomen slave from morn to midnight for a wage of ninepence. The sweating which the Lords' Committee had to consider is, in other words, the production of manufactured commodities at the lowest possible price; the lowest possible price for work being what, in the superabundance of labour, the manufacturer can screw the labourer down to. If he does this by means of the middleman, he will tell you it is because he has to organize his business in the easiest, the most efficient, and therefore the cheapest way; and he will ask whether he is not right in choosing methods of organization directed to that end. If his attention is drawn to the fact that his methods and his opportunities together—opportunities supplied by the numbers of poor wretches fighting with each other for the barest means of existence—make a frightful amount of misery for thousands of his fellow-creatures, he has two answers. First, he will point to the fact that his wonderfully cheap shirts and shoes and jackets are made for the very poor, and are a help and comfort to them. Next, he will say that if he were to raise his rate of pay to the point at which the worker could make a decent livelihood, the market would at once be filled with competition-goods from abroad—where sweating is equally well known—and so there would be no work at all in our own dens at home. Instead of the half loaf there would be no bread. We are not disposed to take this last answer for all that it is meant to convey; which is, that the manufacturer cannot possibly spare a little more of his own profits without becoming pauperized himself. But no doubt there is something in that reply; there is more in the other; and, taken together, they show how extremely complicated, how excessively difficult to deal with by arbitrary means, is this question of the sweating system.

Yet the Committee are forced to conclusions which imply that sweating is, in their opinion, what one of the witnesses called it: "grinding the faces of the poor." Though, say the Committee, we cannot assign an exact meaning to "sweating," the evils known by that name are shown to be these:—"A rate of wages inadequate to the necessities of the workers or disproportionate to the work done; excessive hours of labour; the insanitary state of the houses in which the work is carried on." The second evil is, of course, almost completely included in the first; and, dwelling on the question of wage, the Committee add

that, while the hours of labour are such as to make the lives of the workpeople periods of almost ceaseless toil, "the earnings of the lowest class of workers are barely sufficient to sustain existence." It is not necessary to be a sentimentalist to suspect that there must be something wrong in a state of things like this. To the Committee it appears that "undoubtedly employers are regardless of the moral obligations which attach to capital when they take contracts to supply articles and know nothing of the condition of the workers by whom such articles are made, leaving to a sub-contractor the duty of selecting the workers and giving him by way of compensation a portion of the profit." And yet, if the convenient middleman were not interposed, is it likely that the manufacturer would find it a moral obligation to raise his wage-rate? It is not the middleman who makes the sweating system, he is only a part of the machinery; and it is an untenable assumption that the manufacturer or the contractor knows nothing of the condition of the workpeople employed in his affairs. Whatever his moral obligations, ignorance cannot be pleaded for the evasion of them; the only doubt is, indeed, whether and how far he is disposed to acknowledge himself under any moral obligation at all. He will ask, if he is Mr. JACOBS, whether he is under a moral obligation to be undersold by Mr. JOSEPHS; especially if, as a moral result, JOSEPHS will only have so many more workers to "sweat"—taken over with JACOBS's trade. But yet if no amelioration is to come from a kindly acknowledgment of what is meant by "moral obligation," it is hard to know where to look for it. In the Committee's Report we find this touching passage:—"We feel bound to express our admiration of the courage with which the sufferers endure their lot, of the absence of any desire to excite pity by exaggeration, and of the almost unbounded charity they display towards each other in endeavouring, by gifts of food and other kindnesses, to alleviate any distress for the time being greater than their own." Moral obligation of one sort seems to be working here with some freedom and to good effect; and it is possible to hope that a similar exercise of it might be organized elsewhere without the destruction of any branch of trade. Evidently that is the best hope of the Committee, which has very little indeed to offer in the way of suggestion for reform. How difficult it is to discover any promising suggestion to that end is well illustrated by the fact that the Committee was urged—presumably by persons in their sober senses—to recommend the prohibition by legislative enactment of working at home! This was proposed in order to prevent married women from working for hire in the intervals of domestic duty; a practice which helps very much to lower the rate of wages. Of course the Committee could listen to no such remedy as that; and, all things considered, have to fall back upon little more than insistence on better sanitary regulations. The sweating dens can be made a little more wholesome to work in by order of law, which is concerned with the propagation of epidemic disease. With some slight extension, the sanitary regulations already in existence would do much good in that way, if only they were properly enforced; as they are not at present. Further it appears that the Truck Acts are still contravened, especially at Cradley Heath, that scandalously-sweated nailmaking district; but there is no new legislation in enforcing obedience to the Truck Acts. A piece of legislation is recommended, however, for the benefit of the Cradley Heath workers, where women and girls are employed at shockingly low wages in chain- and nailmaking. In this work they have to wield heavy sledge-hammers called "olivers," and to handle immense weights of iron in making chains. The Committee recommend the Legislature to forbid the use of the "oliver" by women and girls, and to prohibit the making of chains by them in links of more than a certain thickness. And in the way of legislation, or any sort of arbitrary interference, that is about all.

But the Committee have something to say about Government contracts for clothing and accoutrements which demands particular attention. Discovery seems to have been made that these contracts are sometimes carried out under the sweating system; and that the consequent bad work has not infrequently been passed by needy and partial viewers. That must be put a stop to; and as one means of redeeming Government work from the sweaters, it is proposed that it shall always be done in factories. But we observe that a second proposal has been made by Mr. NEPEAN, the Director of Contracts; a proposal "to bind con-

"tractors not to pay less than a specified *minimum* rate of wages approved by the department." Mr. NEPEAN believes, we are told, that the increased cost will be compensated for by the excellence of the work. Now this is a matter for consideration. What is suggested here is a Government standard of wages for a large range of trade. Whether it is desirable to fix any State rate of wage is a very grave question; and it is certainly not settled by Mr. NEPEAN's remark that the increased cost (which is not the point) will be compensated for by the excellence of the work. Here we have the most important passage in the whole Report, and the only one that can boast of novelty. We should carefully watch what comes of it.

THE WICKED TAVERN-KEEPER.

WE learn, without the remotest approach to surprise, that the infamous conduct of the Ministry will constrain Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. CAINE to offer a stern opposition to the Licensing Bill. Sir WILFRID has written to the papers to explain that he does not prejudge the Bill; he is only indignant because the Government did not publish the measure till Friday morning of last week, and has put it down for second reading next Monday. This precipitancy literally astounded Sir WILFRID, though he had thought that nothing the Ministry could do would astound him any longer. The interval between Friday and Monday evening was not, he felt, long enough to enable him to master the measure. It is true that he had made his mind up about it already. Mr. GOSCHEN, in his Budget, on the 17th of April had already said enough to put the vigilant party of Temperance on the alert. The Bill fully justified their fears. So much they had found out even by Saturday afternoon—and so there is nothing for it but to vow obstruction. The measure will not be discussed till after Whitsuntide—the second reading has not been forced on—but to a person of Sir WILFRID's austerity of honesty it is idle to suppose that the possession of time to study now is any compensation for the temporary fear of last week that time would not be given. The shock which that fear caused him has had its inevitable effect. There is nothing for it now but obstruction—just because there was a longish interval between the 17th of April and the 2nd of May, and a short interval between the 2nd of May and the 12th of May. This is how the mind of Sir WILFRID LAWSON works.

The meaning of all this confused cant is that the Ministry decline to confiscate the property of well-conducted tradesmen who have carried on their business under a special State permit, and according to rules drawn up by the State. Of late there has been too much cant talked on our side about the liquor traffic; but there is a point at which the Cabinet stops. It may endeavour to mollify the likes of the persons who at Southampton showed that they preferred a Separatist to a candidate who refused to rob the publicans. For that purpose it indulges in too much maudlin nonsense about the evils of drink, and the harm done by that increased consumption of alcohol which has given us a surplus. Still these, though silly words, are as yet but words, and the Ministry is not yet prepared to do the one thing needed to really placate the fanatics. It will not plunder. It will bring in a Bill to make it possible to reduce the number of places in which beer can be obtained; but it undoes its work with the other hand by providing that, when a public-house is suppressed in the cause of virtue, the suppression shall not be accompanied by robbery. The publican will be compensated for the loss of the licence which he has not forfeited by misconduct. The opposition which is to be made to the Bill is not made more respectable by an assumption of care for the public purse on the part of the Temperance orators. It is as notorious as their own blatant eloquence can make it that they wish to punish the publicans for having pursued a legal trade for years by depriving them of their property. Again and again they have asserted that it is their intention to make those who have conducted the liquor traffic suffer for their wickedness. After profuse assertions to that effect, it is somewhat nauseous to hear them canting about the public purse. The fanatic, however insane and narrow-minded he may be, preserves some ray of decency as long as he is honest. He becomes utterly contemptible when he dare not say what he thinks. It would be silly enough to spend the public money for the purpose of

removing taverns established for the public convenience, in the hope of producing a virtue by machinery, but it would not be dishonest. If the nation thinks the experiment worth trying, it ought to pay for it. In endeavouring to prevent the giving of compensation by an appeal to greed, the Temperance party are disgracing even themselves. They are simply attempting to buy help by an appeal to the pockets. Their virtue is so sickly that it cannot summon up strength even to pay in its own cause, and it is acutely aware of the advantage of appealing to the meanness of others. The appeal has not been unanswered. The Gladstonian Opposition and the Parnellites have heard it with approval, though Mr. GLADSTONE was once opposed to the confiscation of licences. But there is a chance of injuring the Ministry; and we shall, therefore, hear a good deal for some time of the impolicy of spending the public money in buying out the rights of tavern-keepers.

A CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.

AFTER a prolonged hearing before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, the preamble of the Central London Railway Bill has been declared to be proved. Without any detraction from the more than plausible case made out by the promoters, certainly in no paradoxical spirit, this preliminary success may be attributed, to some extent, to the nature of much of the opposition offered to the measure. The scope of inquiry was, perhaps, not more extensive than is usual when novel and enterprising schemes are submitted to Parliamentary Committees. But in the evidence of opponents there is not a little that is notable. It is an opposition of many voices, and the voices are in divers tones. Dismal apprehensions are expressed at the prospect of the underground electric line by all sorts of interested bodies. From the City, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Paddington and Marylebone Vestries, and various owners of property, the voice of foreboding is loud. Prophetic assurances of failure that ought to touch the hearts of promoters, and may possibly intimidate timid investors, have proceeded from directors and managers of existing underground railways. Fears that may be filial fears, becoming in an Ecclesiastical Commissioner, have been expressed for the stability of St. Paul's Cathedral; while above the line of route from the City even to the Marble Arch and Edgware Road the "frontagers," as they are called, especially the shopkeepers, are profuse in lamentation. It was strangely argued that the "tendency of London traffic" was to increase in the streets by cabs, cars, and so forth, and not in an underground way. Perhaps a sufficient explanation of the tendency exists in the want of a central subterranean line. But we must suppose it were impious to contend with tendencies. However, there is another tendency to consider, which is the large increase in the number of passengers on the District and Metropolitan lines—routes that are distressingly circuitous and by no means models of directness and celerity to the multitude that would travel from the City to the West End. One obvious use of the "Inner Circle," indeed, is to impress the country visitor with a lasting idea of the magnitude of London. The fears of Oxford Street and Holborn shopkeepers would be allayed could they realize that a new line of some kind is inevitable, and better than the dirt, the smoke, the heavy traffic of steam locomotion is the comparative quiet of the electric line. Mr. FORBES would willingly carry a new line along the proposed route of the Central London Railway, with the permission of the frontagers and owners. But, professing to be incredulous of gaining their consent, he has hitherto refrained from wooing them. Perhaps, also, he thinks that investors have tired a little of the old Metropolitan system, and yearn for interesting novelties that will cost less to construct and maintain, and may pay better. Nothing could be more ingenuous, again, than the priority of claim advanced by the General Manager of the Metropolitan to the "chance" of promoting the new central line. Nor is there any damaging evidence in the supposed injury that the shopkeeper would suffer. There would be inconvenience, of course, though of a temporary kind. It is not proposed, as might be imagined, that there should be constructed along the electric railway side-walks and seductive shops brilliantly lit by arc lights. People who wish to purchase in Oxford Street would still shop there as hitherto, be the charms of the new line what they may

Nor are they likely to be appalled by the pictures of life on an electric railway which imaginative counsel offered to the Committee. A breakdown involving both lines would be trying, of course; but are such accidents unknown on the present underground routes? And surely everybody has witnessed on the dark and dirty stair-ways of the latter some counterpart to the terrible picture of the fashionable lady borne down the lift to the electric railway-station in the company of a sweep and a "merchant of flour." These may be gruesome prognostics, but they are not of the nature of evidence.

At present, however, the opponents of the Central London Railway are provided with ample consolation in one of the provisions framed by the Committee in accepting the preamble of the Bill as proved. Nothing is to be done until the new City and Southwark Subway has been opened to the public and its utility sufficiently tested. This is a reasonably severe stipulation. For a while, at least, public interest will be centred in the City and Southwark line; the prospects of the larger project may brighten yet more in the interval, and the opposition may recruit their forces, or possibly be converted. In the meanwhile, it is curious to compare the views of Sir JOHN FOWLER, and other eminent engineers favourable to the new scheme, with the opinions generally current a few years since on the subject of electricity as a motive power for railways and other roads. For lighting purposes also electricity has made a similar advance, both in the estimation of experts and in public favour. Mr. BELL, it is true, journeyed to New York recently in the interests of the Metropolitan Company, and returned in a condition of mind that may be said to combine depression and elation. He gives a doleful picture of the Manhattan aerial line and its unsuccessful lavish expenditure in experiments. Rusting rails and a disabled engine were all he saw worthy of note. Of the tramways, also, he spoke with a sad heart, and he cautiously declined to admit that he had seen two cars containing ninety-six passengers worked on the THOMSON-HOUSTON system, on a gradient of one in eight—work, he declared, not to be done by an ordinary locomotive. On the other side, it was contended, with undeniable force, that electric railways had greatly increased in America. In two and a half years the miles worked had advanced from one hundred to fifteen hundred, which does not look very discouraging. Nor is it probable that people would persevere in the construction of such lines in Boston and New York if they did not pay, or if ordinary steam locomotion were cheaper and more convenient. The battle of promoters and interests is already loud among us; the real conflict—so rich in promise in the future—between steam and electricity has, perhaps, scarcely begun.

THE CHARITABLE TRUSTS BILL.

THE opposition made to the second reading of Mr. RATHBONE'S Charitable Trusts Bill was largely natural and even respectable. We do not know that the part of it which was expressed by Mr. COLLINGS was entitled to both these adjectives—at least, in all parts. It is very true, as a general proposition, that the House is bound in honour to be particularly tender of those who are least able to make their voice heard. If the House would remember that in all cases, and be less attentive to favour those mainly who can compel its attention by clamour, the character of much of its work would be materially improved. Mr. COLLINGS might also have said with truth that the prevalence of certain modern fads, particularly of the mania for schools, has led in some cases to the application of money left in charity to purposes for which it was never intended. But when Mr. COLLINGS indulged in wild accusations of gross misapplication of funds against the Charity Commissioners he went altogether beyond the text. The poor are not habitually robbed in this country for the benefit of the rich, nor is there the least probability that this very ignoble form of pillage will become more common than it is when—or if—Mr. RATHBONE'S Bill becomes law. It should at least not be unknown to Mr. COLLINGS that some old charities, established from the best of motives, had become nuisances. The giving of doles is not so hateful to all men as it is to the orthodox political economist. Even those who allow their good nature to lead them into heterodoxy are aware, however, that doles do serve to perpetuate the poverty they are meant to relieve, unless very great care and good sense preside over the distribution.

It was not at all necessary to go into so large a subject as

the proper use of funds left for charitable purposes in a discussion on the Charitable Trusts Bill. The measure is a modest one—only intended to give the Commissioners the right to exercise the limited powers they already enjoy in dealing with all charities, instead of confining them to those of the value of less than 50*l.* a year. The advocates of the Bill were fairly entitled to say that, if the Commissioners are not fit to exercise this extended power, they are not fit to be entrusted with what they have. A very bold Conservative might, indeed, maintain that any interference with local charities is wrong, and that the wishes of the pious founder should be carried out by the persons whom he chose to apply them. That simple theory has been given up, however; and, though the bold Conservative may be met in private life from time to time, he no longer appears in the House of Commons. The protests made by Sir A. ROLLIT and Mr. HOARE fell far short of this thorough-going contention. How far they fell short is shown by the fact that a promise has been made to so modify the Bill in Committee as to make it secure their support. Sir A. ROLLIT'S contention was, indeed, one which deserved attention. It is not, as he said, at all desirable that a central department should take the management of local charities away from local authorities. If there is anyone who wishes to throw the control of all English life into the hands of a central administration, he speaks for a very small party. A very large part—in fact, much the larger part—of our existing charities, whether schools, almshouses, doles, or hospitals, were founded in a spirit of local patriotism, and it is not at all desirable that they should cease to benefit by the same feeling now. But there is no danger that the Bill can have the widely mischievous effects its critics fear. The Charity Commissioners will continue to be bound to act with the sanction of the Courts. In practice this must mean that they will not be allowed to annex a local charity of their own mere motion and divert it to some purpose which is good in their own eyes. The magic words "*cy-pres*" should always prevent any such abuse. For the rest, we dare say that the Charity Commissioners, and even the Courts, have not always done the absolutely wisest thing; but these errors seem to be unfortunately inseparable from the conduct of human affairs. In the meantime, the control of such a body as the Charity Commissioners, working under the eyes of the Lords Justices, seems to be the best means we have of checking the unhappy tendency of charities to become in the course of time little hotbeds of jobbery. The cases cited by the speakers on both sides on Wednesday prove what such cases usually do—namely, that partisans of all sides can cite terrible examples of what comes of not believing in them. We learn that the Charity Commissioners have not been as prompt as they ought to be in dealing with the Hull Grammar School; and, on the other hand, it appears that there are still charities which pay nice salaries to officials out of limited revenues. Taken altogether, the evidence seems to prove that the Charity Commissioners should be instructed to bestir themselves, and that local managers of charities should be from time to time reminded that they work under the eye of a properly instructed Charity Commission.

THE FOLKESTONE CASE.

WHEN Job is supposed to have said, "O that my enemy had written a book!" he really, we believe, expressed a wish that the charges against him might be reduced to writing, and thus placed in a shape which would enable him satisfactorily to deal with them. He was not, in fact, a savage reviewer, but a discontented victim of vague or ambiguous criticism. It is, however, with all deference to the man of Uz, a mistake to suppose that difficulties can be avoided by the simple process of putting things in black and white. Take, for example, the judgments delivered in the House of Lords, last Monday, by the LORD CHANCELLOR, LORD WATSON, and LORD HERSHELL. The subject was a written agreement, made a quarter of a century ago, between the South-Eastern Railway Company of the one part and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company of the other. The meaning of this document, which was drawn out by experts in precise forms, has occupied during the last five years the attention of three legal tribunals. It is true that they have all arrived at the same conclusion, and that, when the Court consisted of more than one judge, its members were unanimous. But the judicial mind was by no means free from doubt, and the House of Lords kept the parties a long time in

suspense. Sir EDWARD WATKIN and Mr. FORBES have been invited by the *Times* to shake hands over the result, and to improve the arrangements of their respective Companies. The shareholders of the London, Chatham, and Dover cannot complain of their directors, who have proved to be in the right all along, and who simply resisted an inequitable claim. The next meeting of the South-Eastern may perhaps be lively, for appeals in these cases are dismissed "with costs." That remarkable express known as the Flying Watkin can hardly increase either its speed or its punctuality. Nor can the effect of being dragged across a ploughed field in a dilapidated four-wheeler, so skilfully reproduced between Charing Cross and Dorking, be heightened or intensified. But it illustrates the irony of events, and more particularly the futility of parchment, that a contract which was intended to avoid the dangers of unlimited competition should have furnished material for a long and expensive lawsuit. We hear a great deal in these days about the virtues of compromise and, more specifically, about Boards of Conciliation. But the septic and the cynic will now be able to say, "Look at Sir EDWARD WATKIN and Mr. FORBES. Here are two Christian gentlemen, anxious, in the first place, to promote the comfort of the public; in the second place, to work together as friends, and, in the third place, to live in charity with all men. Yet all their efforts are of no avail, and they are compelled to spend thousands of pounds from the funds of their respective Companies in settling what was meant by a document intended to speak for itself."

The short question which has now been decided in the affirmative by the highest Court of Appeal is whether Folkestone includes Shorncliffe. The agreement of 1865 had for its object what is known as the "pooling" of local traffic. Pooling, of course, means dividing the aggregate receipts between the two Companies in fixed proportions, and local traffic was defined to be "the traffic carried by either Company by rail to and from Folkestone and Dover." The contract, as the LORD CHANCELLOR pointed out, was designed to be perpetual, so that the parties must have contemplated its modification by any changes which might occur. Considerable changes have occurred, and the contract has been modified accordingly. In the year 1865 there were two stations at Folkestone—the Junction and the Harbour. There was also a station at Shorncliffe, which, however, was not much used. But in the process of time passengers have gradually ceased to get in or get out at the Junction, and Shorncliffe has become the real station for Folkestone, the Harbour being exclusively employed for Continental purposes. Shorncliffe Station is, however, resorted to by people who do not live in Folkestone, and by people who are going elsewhere. In these circumstances the South-Eastern Company objected to pooling the Shorncliffe receipts, and claimed the entire proceeds for themselves. Lord HERSCHELL, who dealt more particularly with this point, decided that, although it would be quite possible to separate and distinguish by destinations the different kinds of traffic coming to or from a particular station, the contracting parties in this case had no intention of doing so, and had not done so, in fact. This is the sensible view which an ordinary jury would probably have taken, and which great men of business will be disposed to adopt. It was practically admitted, in the course of the argument, that traffic to or from Folkestone was Folkestone traffic, whether it came by way of Shorncliffe or not. How important the issues raised were is shown by the statistics which Lord WATSON quoted. The takings at Shorncliffe rose in the ten years between 1873 and 1883 by no less a sum than twenty thousand pounds. The existence of Shorncliffe Camp, and the military tickets required in consequence, account for a good deal of this increase. But by far the greater part of it arises from the building operations between Shorncliffe and the town, which in the five and twenty years have been very extensive. Folkestone has grown with great rapidity, being one of the pleasantest of seaside towns, and it is not altogether unnatural, though from one point of view it is deplorable, that the Companies should fight over the resulting spoil.

THE DEMONSTRATION.

THE one thing which is quite certain about the meaning of last Sunday's Demonstration was put into words by a nameless bard, who has not, so far as we know, obtained the deserved honour of quotation in the public press. His

verse was read from blood-red paper by two meek reciters, who proceeded by alternate strophes in the true pastoral way. What we want, said DAMON, in spectacles, to ALPHESIBÆUS, who was waiting his turn with forefinger carefully marking his cue, is more pay and less work; we shall be much better off when we have got them. Our quotation gives the substance, but not the harmonious form. There is no doubt that the bard is right. The demonstrators, those who came to see the demonstration, and those who read about it on Monday morning, all want more pay and less work. Whether it was necessary to hold a demonstration to prove so credible a proposition is doubtful; but there is no great harm in the peaceful repetition of platitude. It is, of course, even more doubtful whether the demonstration showed that the desired decrease and increase are attainable at all, and especially in the way preferred by the majority of the meeting. Some light may (though we doubt it) be thrown on these points when Messrs. BRADLAUGH and BURNS revive the ancient and respectable practice of public disputation. For the present, the demonstration must be held to have only proved what such a thing can prove.

It may be held to have shown two things over and above the one we have already named—to wit, the share of the workmen of London in the universal desire to earn more and work less. First, it proved that a London crowd, which is a different thing from a London mob, is a little sentimental, much inclined to look at the comic side of things, and very good-natured. The crush in the Park did, to a very considerable extent, consist of genuine workmen. There was a notable absence of the weedy creatures who hung about Trafalgar Square, and then made their futile attempt to force their way in when they were finally compelled to cease obstructing the traffic. The demonstrators of last Sunday were neither weedy nor ill dressed. None of them looked as if they had ever wanted for sufficient food. The way in which the banners were carried, and the by no means trifling fatigue of the day was borne, showed that the past week's work had not been very exhausting. As might have been expected, there was much good humour and very little sign of "earnest purpose" anywhere. Women with children and babies in perambulators moved about quite easily, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the platforms. Except, too, when actually listening to a popular orator, the crowd was more intent on Cockney chaff and curiosity than on elevating its own lot or its neighbours'. There was infinitely more amusement than indignation when it was found that Mr. JOHN BURNS could not speak to his own satisfaction because a very brassy band was blaring the "Marseillaise" close to his waggon.

As for the oratory delivered from those platforms, it would be an idle waste of time to answer as much of it as professed to be argument. Nor would it be more profitable to comment on its rather conspicuous errors of taste. Still, it was not without significance in a way. It contained much, for one thing, which is a very sufficient comment on the assertion that the demonstration showed the unanimity of the working class. On the contrary, it was sufficiently clear that the agreement was very superficial, and would break down under the first strain. A party which wishes to prevent all men from working more than eight hours a day by law is divided in fundamentals from a party which wishes to secure an eight hours day by combination. As soon as the pinch of bad times comes the second would give up its attempt to enforce the limitation, and would be very speedily joined by large numbers of those who at present cheer for the first. As for those who, with a characteristic pomposity, call themselves "Legalists," there has never been more than one thing to say to them. They will get what it is possible for them to get, and no more. The law they may obtain, but whether the law will give them the eight hours and leave their wages undiminished is another thing. A reference to easily accessible authorities will convince any inquirer not an unreasoning fanatic that the attempt to regulate work and wages by law has been often enough made already with one uniform result. Further experience will infallibly show that causes will continue to produce their effects in spite of any number of statutes of labourers, the fact that they are passed by the labourers making no difference.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

MR. GOSCHEN'S speech of last Wednesday night to the Liberal-Unionist meeting, at Rawtenstall, will act, we hope, as a corrective of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S address to the University Unionist League at Oxford, on the same evening. It is to be regretted that any political discourse of so valued a supporter of the Union as the member for West Birmingham should require a corrective; but so it is. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN takes altogether too gloomy a view of the Parliamentary situation, so far at least as the principal measure of the Session is concerned; and his despondency has suggested counsels to him which are some of them uncalled for by the circumstances, and others quite impossible of adoption. He does not believe, he told his hearers the other night, that the Government can carry the Land Purchase Bill in the present Session unless it either drops a large and important part of the measure, and so lightens the ship by throwing valuable cargo overboard, or unless it uses the Closure as it has never been used before, and carries the rest of the Bill after a certain time has been passed in discussion without amendment or further debate; and he adds that either of these contingencies would be a "national calamity." Surely this is a very exaggerated description of the latter of the two, especially as the application of the Closure with the unprecedented severity looked for by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will only take place after the main principles of the Bill have been—if, indeed, they have not already been—discussed to exhaustion, and it has been made perfectly clear to the whole world that the progress of the measure is only being delayed by talk for talk's sake. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must rid himself of the notion that the squelching of the Obstructionist at any cost—at least, when once it is clear that it is he or Parliament that must go to the wall—is regarded anywhere as a "calamity." The adoption of a series of undebated clauses in a Bill—undebated, that is, by Parliamentary persons, though they have probably been discussed from end to end in the press—is regarded by the public as distinctly preferable, and not a particularly terrible alternative, to allowing legislation to be defeated altogether.

We do not, however, see any particular necessity in this case for "leaping before we come to the stile." Obstruction—specially obstruction to which a considerable odium will attach among a large class of people whom neither branch of the Opposition can afford to offend—has a way of collapsing when it comes to the pinch; and it is, at any rate, satisfactory to note that Mr. GOSCHEN, although fully sensible, as his observations show, of the amount of factious resistance which Ministers will have to overcome in passing their Land Purchase Bill, appears to take a far more cheerful view of its prospects than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. We do not, at any rate, gather from this speech of the other night that he foresees any danger of having to "drop large and important parts of the measure," as an alternative to an excessive employment of the Closure. But it is pretty clear that, if this is to be avoided, there must be no attempt to make large and important additions to it, and it is just this that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN somewhat unfortunately appears to hanker after. He is unduly enamoured of his proposal to give the at present uncreated local authorities in Ireland a voice in transactions of land purchase; and while overrating its value, he underrates the difficulty of incorporating it with the Ministerial plan. He protests, and very properly, against the insidious Gladstonian "instruction" whereby it is sought to thrust an entire local government scheme into the Land Purchase Bill. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S own suggestion that Ministers should insert a "small clause in the Bill to provide that, when County Councils are established in Ireland, they should have certain privileges and functions in regard to the administration of land purchase," is in reality just as impracticable. The "privileges and functions" in question would have to be strictly defined—indeed, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has himself given an elaborate definition of them, of which we need say no more than that it simply bristles with challenges to controversy—and the small clause would lend itself to indefinitely prolonged debate. And there is really no solid ground for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S solicitude for the immediate establishment of "local authorities" in order to preside over the hypothecation of the local revenues in Ireland and to collect from the purchasing tenants the payments to secure which these revenues are to be pledged. His belief in the moral support that the scheme would derive from the co-operation

of these functionaries is largely a superstition. Their power of maliciously obstructing its operation is likely, unfortunately, to be a much more real thing.

On Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S suggestion that the land purchase question should be settled by a conference between Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GLADSTONE it is surely unnecessary to bestow many words. Unless it were designed, as of course it may have been, to embarrass the Gladstonians with an offer which it would be as disastrous to accept as it is discreditable to refuse, we can scarcely suppose it to have been seriously put forward.

THE SEQUEL OF THE FIRST OF MAY.

THE great demonstration of the first of the month did not pass over quite so peacefully as was at first supposed. Further reports have come to show that there has been quite as much rioting as served to justify the precautions taken by the Governments of the Continent. Thanks to the thoroughness of those precautions, the riots have in no case gone very far. But they have gone far enough to show that there are in many parts of Europe all the materials for a very serious revolutionary movement ready to the hand of any leader who could find an opportunity to begin. If there is one fact which is more certain than another in the history of all such movements, it is that the active work of them is done by small handfuls, and that the great mass of the population is indifferent or cowed. It submits when Government has gone down to those who destroyed authority, but it does so very much as it submitted to that authority itself—simply because great masses of men seldom or never act together except under the guidance and stimulus of leaders. The demonstration of the First was itself, in the beginning, the idea of a few. Later it was accepted and acted on—not, perhaps, as those who took it up first wished. Where the workmen did actually collect in large numbers, those who might have rioted were drowned in the majority, who had no desire either to break heads or to have their heads broken. Knowing, as they did, that the first attempt to stand out would draw on them the fire of an ample force of soldiers close at hand, the disorderly minority kept quiet. In a few outlying places they have found the opening which was not to be got at head-quarters, and have done enough to show that they are the enemies, not only of order, but of the majority of workmen.

The vigorous measures taken in France kept the disturbance strictly within the limits of a strike riot. In that country the success of the Government in keeping order illustrates the fulness of the reward granted to those who in practical affairs will look at the facts and act on them. M. CONSTANS is not a statesman of a stamp we should like to see become common in Europe, but he has undoubtedly shown himself a man of vigorous common-sense. By laying his hand on the Anarchist spouters and keeping them quiet—by laying the foreign revolutionists by the heels and keeping them by the heels—he swept off the worst portion of the dangerous element. It will be interesting to see what he does with his foreign prisoners whom he has kept under lock and key after the native disturbers have been let out. If we had not a well-grounded fear that they would appear before long in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, we should like to see him keep his threat of expulsion. It would be such an admirable reduction to absurdity of so much common French rant. The riots in Austria stand somewhat by themselves. From all accounts they appear to be much more demonstrations of the debtors against the money-lenders or pure race-quarrels than labour riots. The Spanish riots, again, though there is much in them which has no connexion with labour difficulties, do illustrate the true relations of the Socialist agitators to the majority of workmen. It is never difficult to raise a mob in some parts of Catalonia and in Valencia. A little clamour about Don CARLOS or the Republic will do, according to place. Politics of the kind which is argued by Guerrilleros have had their share in the late disturbances; perhaps have had the chief credit of producing them. But in the course of the riots it has been shown that most of the workmen were perfectly disposed to go on with their work if only they were sure of protection. The reports both from Valencia and from Barcelona show so much very clearly. At the same time, the efforts of the Socialist work-

men in both towns to stop work make the nature of their zeal in the cause of the people very clear. It is not necessary to go far to understand why the Valencian mob tried to get into the Government cigar manufactory. There would have been very few cigars left by the time the mob had gone. The progress of events in Catalonia and Valencia has served to enforce again what we pointed out last week are the two lessons of the whole May demonstration. The first is the existence in several parts of Europe of anarchical parties, and the second is the ease with which they can be kept in order by Governments which do not lose their heads and can act with a little firmness and common sense. That the workmen all over the Continent have also shown a desire to work fewer hours, and in general to have more joy of their lives, is neither surprising, nor alarming, nor blamable. It is not the object, but the means adopted to secure it, which would deserve to be condemned. We do not believe that any cool-headed man can be persuaded that the working class of Europe wish to use means which are otherwise than peaceful. As long as the Governments are not guilty of folly and cowardice, there is nothing to be feared from the very small anarchical minority.

AN INJURED INNOCENT.

SO much has already been said and written on the law of the case of O'BRIEN *v.* The Marquess of SALISBURY that it would be quite unnecessary for us to add anything to its volume. It appears to us, however, that the ethics of the matter have, as often happens in these cases, been permitted in the course of litigation to retire something too much into the background; and it is desirable to call attention to the points at which they were again brought into something like their due prominence in the course of the recent argument in the Court of Appeal. Mr. O'BRIEN, having been defeated at *nisi prius*, having failed to obtain a new trial from a Divisional Court, and having now had his appeal against the decision of the last-mentioned tribunal dismissed, regards himself, no doubt, as having completed his preparations for posing as a martyr who has undergone a moral wrong for which he has been prevented by certain miserable technicalities of the Courts—or, at any rate, through a prejudiced jury having given the undeserved benefit of a doubt to the man who wronged him—from obtaining legal redress.

Let us see, then, how the case stands. Mr. O'BRIEN complains that Lord SALISBURY accused him of using language which directly incited to murder and outrage. Lord SALISBURY, through his counsel, denied having made such an accusation, and contended that the plain meaning of his words was that Mr. O'BRIEN's language directly incited to boycotting, which led, and was known to be likely to lead, to the crimes in question. Now it is to be observed that Mr. O'BRIEN did not join issue on this justification, and that, although the Special Commission had not then made their report adjudging Mr. O'BRIEN and his associates guilty of the very conduct which Lord SALISBURY avowed having imputed to him, he refrained from challenging the verdict of a jury as to whether it was or was not a libel to accuse him of inciting to crime, so to speak, "at one remove." He preferred to rely on the contention that Lord SALISBURY's language could only bear the one interpretation, that he had directly incited to crime; and on that he went to the jury, who, in finding for the defendant, must, of course, be understood to have adopted the defendant's interpretation of his own language. They held, in other words, that Lord SALISBURY meant, and was understood by his hearers to mean, not that Mr. O'BRIEN had directly incited to outrage, but that he had incited to acts which led to outrage as their natural consequence. That, of course, leaves Mr. O'BRIEN in this position—that, whereas he holds that the PRIME MINISTER has made, or, at any rate, whether meaning it or not, has managed to convey to the public, a charge of a very injurious character against him, he cannot succeed in persuading an English jury that Lord SALISBURY meant to make nearly so serious an accusation, or in convincing an English Court that the jury ought to have listened to that persuasion.

Now, there are doubtless some—though, we hope, not many—English people on Mr. O'BRIEN's side in politics who are silly enough to be talked into the belief that this constitutes a hardship. They have become so confused by

reiterated forensic and other forms of *distinguo* applied to the two kinds of incitements that they have likely enough brought themselves to believe that the conduct which Mr. O'BRIEN by implication confesses to differs very widely from the conduct which he repudiates. Let us see what the judges think of it, bearing in mind that they affirm the right of the jury to place the milder construction on Lord SALISBURY's language.

Mr. GULLY.—Lord Salisbury's words were not capable of the meaning which he sought in his defence to put upon them, since they contained no reference to boycotting, and expressly charged Mr. O'Brien with incitement to murder. There was no justification for that charge, as the judge admitted.

Lord Justice FRY.—You must not be too sure of that.

Mr. GULLY.—Does your lordship say that there was evidence that the plaintiff incited his audience to shoot people in the legs?

Lord Justice LOPES.—I do not hesitate to say so.

We quote these judicial utterances not as indicating the view taken by the Court of Mr. O'BRIEN's intentions—indeed it is only fair to add that the MASTER of the ROLLS said later on, "We certainly shall not suggest" that Mr. O'BRIEN meant to incite to outrage. We quote the words of the other two judges as showing what in their view must be the amount of moral responsibility resting upon Mr. O'BRIEN in respect of the language, and how very slight must be the moral distinction which they are prepared to draw between a speech directly inciting to outrage, and one capable of being understood and commented upon as an incitement primarily to boycotting. And even as to this latter offence, apart from its connexion with crime, there is noteworthy matter to be found in the report of the case. As, for instance:—

Mr. LEESE.—Mr. O'Brien might suffer under the stigma of having incited to crime, whereas he had only incited to boycotting.

The MASTER of the ROLLS.—Do not say that in a court of justice. To incite people to conspire to boycott is to incite to crime.

Mr. LEESE.—Yes, under the Crimes Act.

The MASTER of the ROLLS.—No, at common law.

We commend this to the attention of that eminent lawyer Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

LIBEL AND BOOKSELLING.

A LEARNED counsel once gave Chief Justice COCKBURN the valuable piece of information that a libel meant a little book. "*Qui hæret in litera*," said Sir ALEXANDER, "*hæret in cortice*." It may be that the greater the book "the greater the libel." Mrs. WELDON seems to think that every copy of a libellous book sold over the counter is a fresh libel, for which the party aggrieved is entitled to bring a fresh action. Last Monday she indulged herself in six of these suits, and, though she lost them all, she possibly took out in the shape of intellectual enjoyment the value of her lawyer's fees. Your true fisherman holds that the next best thing to catching fish is failing to catch them, and a professional or habitual litigant has quite as keen a love of sport as the disciples of IZAAK WALTON. Some years ago, if we mistake not, Mrs. WELDON entered into a sort of bargain with the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England that, if he procured for her certain terms in the batch of her processes which happened then to be pending, she would forswear the Courts for the remainder of her natural life. If Mrs. WELDON did, indeed, make such a promise, she doubtless intended to keep it. But circumstances have proved too strong for her, as for BENEDICK and others who did not think when they swore to die bachelors that they should live to be married. The most fatal event which can befall a visitor to Monte Carlo is a run of luck. A loser sometimes departs to come no more, but a winner never. Mrs. WELDON's victories over the doctors, and her conclusive demonstration that she was sane, have made the Courts in her eyes irresistibly attractive. A well-known judge had occasion while on circuit not long ago to try a man for some petty theft. The evidence was altogether insufficient to justify a conviction; the judge stopped the case, and in stopping it administered a rebuke to the magistrates for having sent it to the Assizes at all. The business of the day proceeded, and the judge, on looking up to the public gallery, observed that the discharged prisoner occupied a front seat. There he sat, and thither he returned, until the Assizes were over, and he had no more opportunities of observing how right was done under the best of all possible systems of jurisprudence. Mrs. WELDON has not been invariably successful. Her effect upon different judges has not always been the same. The sympathetic breast of the MASTER of the ROLLS always responds to her

eloquent appeals. Sir JAMES BACON was impenetrable, and Mrs. WELDON has been known to complain that she spoiled her voice in trying to make him hear. But it is not one or two defeats which can daunt the courage or weary the patience of Mrs. WELDON. On Monday she varied her usual practice by retaining counsel instead of appearing in person. This is a tribute to the Bar of England which that body will know how to estimate. For it is a melancholy truth that hitherto the change has almost invariably been made in the opposite direction.

The libel of which Mrs. WELDON complained was undoubtedly a very bad one. It was contained in a volume called *The Great Composers—German, French, and Italian*. The chapter upon GOUNOD in this book stated that “the evil genius of GOUNOD’s life was a woman who traded recklessly with her own reputation and the French composer’s fame.” Mrs. WELDON was clearly indicated as the “woman,” and of course no language can be too strong for such a wanton personal attack. As Mr. Justice WILLS observed, Mrs. WELDON might have taken criminal proceedings against the author; and nobody could have blamed her if she had. The publishers of the work, Messrs. SCOTT, acknowledged, as soon as the passage was brought to their notice, that it was quite indefensible, withdrew the book from circulation, and gave Mrs. WELDON five hundred pounds, with a full apology. This is a comparatively old story, having occurred in the summer of 1887. But Mrs. WELDON is not easily shaken off, and she has been inquiring about the other publishers who sold the objectionable pages before they were recalled. It is exceedingly difficult to understand the mind of the man who wilfully libels Mrs. WELDON. Hitting a woman is not an attractive pastime in any circumstances. But when the woman is so perfectly competent to take care of herself and so persistent in exacting retribution for her wrongs as Mrs. WELDON, it is the merest superfluity of naughtiness to assail her, thus courting discredit and punishment at the same time. We therefore cannot undertake to appreciate the biographer of GOUNOD. But the defendants in the six actions were of course morally, as they have turned out to be legally, blameless. Messrs. SCOTT showed somewhat of caution, as they have admitted, in making ample atonement. But these six sheep—what have they done? They merely sold a book without reading it, and if nobody could sell a book until he had read it, very few books would be sold at all. The vendor of mutton-pies at the street corner had been in the business for forty years when he candidly admitted to an old customer that he had never tasted his own wares. If the incriminated volume had been called “The Weaknesses of Great Men,” or “The Blind Side of Genius,” or “Musicians under the Spell,” a prudent bookseller would have glanced through it, and would have pulled up short at the name of DELILAH. But, as Mr. Justice WILLS said, “How can business be carried on if a bookseller is held to be liable for every statement contained in every book he sells?” That is common sense, and happily it seems also to be common law. Otherwise the unfortunate author would have to stand in Piccadilly, and hawk his books for himself.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—GREAT BUSTARDS.

FOUR great bustards (*Otis tarda*), purchased April 11, are among the recent additions to the menagerie which will be of general interest. These birds, all of them males, have been received in splendid health and plumage, and certainly do credit to those who had charge of their travelling arrangements. They are confined in one of the inclosures opposite to the Monkey-house, among the cranes, where they have room to move about and show themselves, and can be easily observed.

The great bustard, though formerly fairly plentiful in this country, is now unfortunately only an occasional visitor, as, like many other members of our native fauna, it has fallen a victim to increasing population and advancing civilization, with the consequent extension of cultivated land and improved methods of agriculture, or, in the words of a writer in the early part of the century, “the increased cultivation of the country and the extreme delicacy of the flesh occasioned great havoc with this species.” It is essentially a bird of the plains and downs, delighting in open country, and was formerly found in considerable number on the warrens or “brecks” of Norfolk and Suffolk, where it survived longer than in any other part of the island: the moors of Haddingtonshire and Berwickshire, the wolds of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, Newmarket and Royston Heaths, on the borders of Cambridgeshire, together with the downs of Berkshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Hampshire, and Sussex. At

the present time, though no longer an inhabitant of the British Islands, it is found in Europe in Germany and Russia, on the steppes of the Danubian and Black Sea districts, and in Spain.

Among early references to this bird may be noticed that of Hector Boëce, or Boëthius, a Scottish historian, who, writing in 1526, says:—“We have, moreover, another fowle in Mers, more strange and uncouth than all those afore-mentioned, called a Gustard, fully so great as a swanne, but in colour of feathers and taste of fleshe little differing from a Partriche; howbeit these byrdes are not very common, neyther to be seen in all places.” In the Northumberland Household Book, 1512, the following mention of them occurs:—“Item.—Bustardes for my Lordes own mees at Principal Feestes and non other tyme except my Lordes Commandment be otherwyse”; from which it would appear that they were highly valued, as certainly was the case in the next century; for in Willoughby’s Ornithology (1678) the following passage occurs:—“Though some discommend their flesh, yet with us it is esteemed both delicate and wholesome. Hence, but chiefly for its rarity, the bustard sells very dear, serving only to furnish Prince’s and great men’s tables, at feasts and public entertainments.” This author also tells us that “on Newmarket and Royston heaths, in Cambridgeshire and Suffolk, and elsewhere in wasts and plains, they are found with us.” In the Household books of the L’Estranges of Hunstanton, in Norfolk, in the “Privy Purse Accounts” for the year 1527, there is the following entry:—

The xijst weke.

Wednsday.—Item viij malards, a bustard and j hernsewe kyyled wt ye crosbowe.

And again, in the year 1530:—

Item in reward the xxvth day of July to Baxter’s Svnt of Stannewgh for bryngyng of ij yong bustards ij^d.

One Dr. Thomas Muffet, of Bulbridge, near Wilton, in Wiltshire, who died in 1590, wrote as follows:—

Bistards, or Bustards (so called for their slow pace and heavy flying), or, as the Scots term them, Gusetards, that is to say, slow geese, feed upon flesh, livers, and young lambs out of sowing time and in harvest time, then they feed upon pure corn. In the summer, towards the ripening of corn, I have seen half a dozen of them lie in a wheat-field fattening themselves (as a deer will doe) with ease and eating . . . Chuse the youngest and fattest about Allhallowtide (for then they are best) and diet him a day or two . . . then let him bleed to death in the neck veins, and having hung three or four days in a cool place out of the moonshine, either rost or bake it as you do a Turkie, and it will prove both a dainty and wholesome meat.

The idea that bustards eat young lambs, &c., no doubt, as remarked by Mr. Howard Saunders, “arose from a confusion—not uncommon at the present day—between the names *Bustard* and *Buzzard*.” In 1713 Ray wrote:—“In campis spatiosis circa Novum Mercatum et Royston, oppida in agro Cantabrigiensis, inque planities, ut audio, Salisburiensi, et alibi in vastis et apertis locis, invenitur.” And in 1763 Dr. Brookes tells us:—“This bird is bred in several parts of Europe, and particularly in England, especially on Salisbury Plain, Newmarket and Royston Heaths, in Cambridgeshire, and Suffolk, for it delights in open spaces. The flesh is in high esteem, and perhaps the more so because it is not very easy to come at.” This author further tells us that “they take them with a hook baited with an apple or flesh.” In 1770 Gilbert White in a letter written from Ringmer, near Lewes, to the Hon. Daines Barrington, says, “There are bustards on the wide downs near Brightelmstone”; in another place he tells us, “Bustards when seen on the downs resemble fallow deer at a distance.” In the early years of the present century the species had become very scarce in this country. Montagu, in his *Ornithological Dictionary*, published in 1802, says that on Salisbury plain it had become “very scarce within these few years,” from the great price given for the eggs and young to hatch and rear in confinement, half a guinea being no unusual price for an egg and ten or twelve guineas for young birds not full-grown, while in 1813 he stated that he was informed by the shepherds that they had not been seen for the last two or three years in their favourite haunts on the Wiltshire downs.

The actual date of the disappearance of the bustard from its various haunts in this country is not known except in the case of Yorkshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, in the former of which counties it is believed that the last hen bird was trapped on Sir W. Strickland’s estate at Boynton, near Bridlington, in 1832 or 1833. In Norfolk and Suffolk, however, it managed to hold its own in some numbers for a considerable time after it was practically extinct in other parts, and, as it found a most careful historian in the late Mr. Stevenson, of Norwich, the whole of the facts of its disappearance have been preserved and can be found in that author’s *Birds of Norfolk*, from which we gather the following facts:—Two “droves” existed, one having its headquarters in the open country round Swaffham, and the other near Thetford. There is reason to believe that a nest found on the borders of Thetford Warren in the year 1832 was the last known in Suffolk, and a single bird observed later in the summer of the same year on Icklingham Heath was the sole survivor in that once noted locality. The Norfolk birds were now the last of the indigenous race, but they did not long survive. In the spring of 1833 three females resorted to Great Massingham Heath for incubation; their eggs consisted of two pairs and a single one; these were taken away under the impression, possibly a mistaken one, that there was no male bird, and that, therefore, they were good for nothing. A small flock of hen bustards, in-

cluding the parents of the eggs mentioned, continued to occupy the country round Swaffham for some years longer, but there is no record of a cock having been seen, and the actual date of the death of the last survivor is not known with certainty, but was probably in the year 1838, though "several persons believe, and with some show of reason, that a bird, or even two birds, lingered on till 1843 or 1845." Thus, as Mr. Stevenson observes, the failure of "heirs male" was the final cause of the extinction of this noble indigenous species, as is so often the case in the human race with some great historic name. The main cause of the diminution in the number of bustards was, no doubt, primarily the improved methods of agriculture, and the substitution of the drill for the old method of sowing broadcast, on which followed the horse hoe, with the result that "every nest made by a bustard in a wheat-field was sure to be discovered, perhaps in time to avert instantaneous destruction from the horses' feet or the hoe blades, perhaps (and this probably much the more often), only when the eggs had been driven over and smashed, and their contents were pouring out on the ground. But even in the first case, instantaneous destruction being avoided, the eggs were generally taken up by the driver of the hoe," and "appear often to have been preserved as natural curiosities to lie with grotesquely shaped flints and petrified echini (the 'fairies' loaves' of the district) on the parlour mantelpiece or bookshelf till they met with the usual fate of such fragile articles." But improvement in agriculture was not alone to blame, as we read of a gamekeeper being allowed, "not only to go in quest of them with a swivel-gun mounted on a wheelbarrow screened with boughs, a parchment stalking-horse, and similar devices, but even to construct masked batteries of large duck-guns placed so as to concentrate their fire upon a spot strewn with turnips. The guns forming his batteries had their triggers attached to a cord perhaps half a mile long, and the shepherds and other farm-labourers on the ground were instructed by him to pull the cord whenever they saw the bustards within range." On one occasion this man is said to have succeeded in killing no less than seven at one discharge, the birds being presented to the Prince of Wales (George IV.), the Duke of York, and others. And we are sorry to say that the gifts are reported to have "had the effect, in some degree, of procuring the berth of head-gamekeeper at Windsor" for the son of this arch bustard-slayer.

Every one has probably heard, and most people firmly believe, that bustards were formerly coursed by greyhounds; but, although the statement that they were so taken has been repeated by author after author, there would appear to be no evidence of its truth. Stevenson tells us that, though "the Swaffham coursing meeting was one of the most celebrated in the whole country, and in the open districts of both counties (Norfolk and Suffolk) the sport of coursing was formerly most extensively followed, greyhounds being very generally kept, yet none of the older inhabitants have ever heard, except from books, that bustards were taken by dogs. If ever the coursing of bustards by greyhounds was practised in any part of England, it could only have been when the birds were very young, or, being old, had moulted out their quill feathers." Still, the statements of the older authors are so explicit that one can only wonder what could have given rise to the fable. The following are a few examples. Drayton, in the *Polyolbion*, 25th Song, mentions

The big-boan'd Bustard then, whose body bears that size
That he against the wind must run ere he can rise.

In a *History of Animals*, by John Hill, M.D., published in 1752, we find the following explicit statement:—"This is a bird more nearly allied to the ostrich and cassowary kind than people are aware, and, like them, it runs at a prodigious rate, and but rarely rises on the wing. . . . We have this bird in many parts of England, where it feeds on vegetables, and on corn when it can get at it. I have seen great numbers of them on the downs in Sussex; they run away at the approach of men, but rarely, and indeed difficultly, take wing. They are often taken by greyhounds in a fair course, in the manner of a hare. Their flesh is very well tasted." In *The Naturalist's Pocket Magazine*, published in 1800, the plates dated 1798, the author says:—"But tho' they cannot be reached by a fowling-piece, they are sometimes run down by greyhounds. Being voracious and greedy, they often sacrifice their safety to their appetites; and, as they are generally very fat, they are unable to fly without much preparation. When, therefore, the greyhounds come within a certain distance, the bustards run off, clap their wings, and endeavour to gather under them air enough to rise. In the meantime the dogs are continually gaining ground, till at last it is too late for flight. However, notwithstanding the sluggishness of their usual pace, they can when in danger run very fast, and once fairly on the wing are able to fly several miles without resting." Dr. Brookes says "they take them with greyhounds, which often catch them before they are able to rise," which, be it observed, would hardly appear to be the same thing as coursing them. Lastly, Bewick wrote:—"They are slow in taking wing, but run with great rapidity, and when young are sometimes taken with greyhounds, which pursue them with great avidity. The chase is said to afford excellent diversion." And in his woodcut of the great bustard he shows in the background a mounted sportsman running a bustard with a brace of greyhounds, the bird using both legs and wings. That they were in old days valued for their power of flight is proved by the following extract from the *Book of Falconrie or Hawking*, published in 1611:—"There is yet another kind of flight to the feldes called the great flight, as to the cranes, wild geese, bustard, bird of paradise,

bittors, shovelars, hearons, and many other such like, and these you may flee from the fist, which is properly termed the source. Nevertheless, in this kind of hawking, which is called the great flight, the falcons or other hawkes cannot well accomplish their flight at the cranes, bustard, or such like, unless they have the help of some spaniell, or such dogge, wel inured and taught for that purpose with your hawke. Forasmuch as great flights require pleasant ayde and assistance, yea and that with great diligence."

Space will only allow us to mention one other point in the economy of the bustard about which there has been a great deal of controversy, namely, the gular pouch found in the male. Most extraordinary stories have been told of the use of this pouch; for example, Bewick wrote, the male

is furnished with a sac or pouch, situated in the fore part of the neck, and capable of containing about two quarts; the entrance to it is immediately under the tongue. This singular reservoir was first discovered by Dr. Douglas, who supposes that the bird fills it with water as a supply in the midst of those dreary plains where it is accustomed to wander; it likewise makes a further use of it in defending itself against the attacks of birds of prey; on such occasions it throws out the water with such violence as not unfrequently to baffle the pursuit of its enemy.

The whole of this statement as to the use of the pouch is purely imaginary, as there is little or no doubt that the pouch, which does not appear to have been present in every specimen dissected, is found only in the adult during the breeding season, contracting during the non-breeding season "so considerably as to become insignificant." It is probably inflated at will when the bird is "showing off," at which time he puts himself into the most extraordinary postures imaginable, "unexcelled for a love display by any of the game birds."

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

(First Notice.)

THE Grosvenor Gallery has asserted its right to exist by producing a decidedly original and, in some respects, a very interesting exhibition this year. It is given up to Scotch art; but not merely to that rather greasy Academic Scotch art showing the lines of the brush in the long smears of paint with which we were already only too well acquainted. On the contrary, what is most noticeable at the Grosvenor Gallery this year is the work of a group of young Glasgow painters whose names are entirely unknown in the South, and who, if we are not mistaken, have never exhibited their pictures in London before. These Glasgow painters give freshness and importance to the show, and add that element of novelty which we have seen to be wanting at the Royal Academy and at the New Gallery.

Of these Glasgow painters, all we fancy young, and certainly ambitious, the leaders appear to be, in alphabetical order—Mr. James Guthrie, Mr. George Henry, Mr. E. A. Hornel, Mr. J. Lavery, Mr. Arthur Melville, Mr. James Paterson, Mr. A. Roche, and Mr. E. A. Walton. If we should be so invidious as to choose one name among all these for special notice, it would have to be that of Mr. Melville. These painters are so like one another, and so utterly unlike any other existing British artists, that their works are not to be overlooked, although they are scattered all over the galleries. The existence of this school of artists, it appears—and this is a very curious fact—dates from the Glasgow Fine Arts Exhibition. On that occasion the youth of Scotland saw the famous French and Dutch *romantiques* for the first time, and they were smitten with the longing to do likewise. They would paint like Théodore Rousseau and Matthijs Maris; they would conjure with the same divining-rod, and the result is before us. Like all direct imitations, the art of these Glasgow students has something violent and extreme in it. They do not always understand why their models obtained a certain effect, and they blunder like a man who repeats a story of which he has misunderstood the point. Yet we are bound to say that this seldom happens, and that their work presents very few of the disadvantages which we should expect to attend the violent manner of its production. The colour of these Glasgow pictures is, in particular, extraordinary; it is never really bad; it is often superb.

We suppose the masterpiece of the school at the Grosvenor Gallery would be considered "The Druids" (173), due to the combined efforts of Mr. G. Henry and Mr. Hornel. This is a large square canvas, high over a pale view of "Whitby" (175), by Mr. Bright Morris. The Glasgow picture is very startling, and at first sight very ridiculous. But the eye becomes accustomed to its strange forms and hues, and by degrees grows to like them. A procession of Druids, in vermilion, emerald, and gold, carrying the golden circular sickle and the mistletoe with them, descend in a sort of Tartar majesty—grim, tawdry, and savage—through a grove of oaks. Only the heads and trunks of the fierce priests are seen, glowing with crude colour. This strange work is painted broadly, in the spirit of decoration; it is really, perhaps, a fragment of a frieze. It is extraordinary, but it would be useless to deny that it is effective. In Mr. Hornel's "Among the Wild Hyacinths" (163) all is sacrificed to colour; a green girl and a blue girl stand in a green glade, with a purple carpet of bluebells at their feet and a vista of rosy cloud behind them. This is extravagant, but essentially right and artistic. Less can be said in favour of "Audrey and her Goats" (109), by Mr. Arthur Melville. This picture is need-

lessly huge, for the subject is very slight. Audrey's red head is relieved against a background of red October foliage of the beech, regardless of the fact that she and her goats stand in a meadow of the freshest emerald grass of early May. That the goats have only one leg each is really unimportant, but that in the leafy world spring should thus lose itself in coppery autumn is a blunder. Another eccentric, and perhaps it will be whispered impudent, production of Mr. Melville's is a water-colour drawing, "The Javanese Dancers" (341), a brilliant "impression" of whirling angular figures in loose crimson garments. We are not sure about Mr. Melville. He is, as the old women say of precocious children, "too clever to live," and we are afraid he knows it. Mr. A. Roche can, we feel convinced, do something better than his "Marie" (134), a pallid child in white, standing in front of a cabinet, and holding a violin.

The landscapes of the Glasgow school are, on the whole, easier to appreciate. We have no doubt whatever about the beauty and success of Mr. James Paterson's "The Moon is Up" (158), a landscape which looks like a watery Constable; the scene is a lane on the edge of a hill, with deep tufted elms against the sky, and between their tops "the vitreous pour of the full moon, just tinged with blue," that Mr. Whitman celebrates. The Glasgow school make use of a peculiar turquoise-blue for their skies, and this is so universal among them, that it serves to distinguish them from among the herd. It is to be seen to advantage in Mr. Walton's "Landscape" (40) and in Mr. Corsan Mortan's "Scottish Harvest" (168). They are sometimes remarkably happy in their combinations of figures with landscape. Mr. James Guthrie's "Pastoral" (55), with its blue figure like a Mauve peasant, is rather rough; but "The Orchard" (195) is very interesting. This latter is a very large square canvas, with two figures, a boy standing with a basket in his hand, while a red-headed girl picks up the apples. The way in which these children are made to stand out against the misty green background of boughs and grass is really very skilful. Mr. Lavery's "Mary Queen of Scots" (41) is more mysterious, and perhaps a finer piece of work. The Queen rests, with one sleeping Mary at her side, in the dim light of the woods of Rosneath, beneath a great tree. The green brocaded velvet of her dress is admirably painted; a rich shawl of Indian red lies across the knees of the pale ladies. The colour of the whole composition is very rich, like that of a fine Diaz, and the dim veiled illumination is skilful and probably faithfully given.

One of the most interesting features of the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition is the effect which this sudden accession of new blood into Scotch art has had on the grave and mature President of the Royal Scottish Academy, who has blossomed out into a picture as fresh and odd in composition and as beautiful in colour as if he were a juvenile student at Glasgow, with very long hair and a fine contempt for everything academic. The "Stonehaven" (139) of Sir William Fettes Douglas is one of the gems of the collection. It is painted from the Berrie Braes over the town, and we look down immediately on the red and green and grey roofs of Stonehaven, and beyond to the long line of sands, divided by silvery-lucent channels of tidal water, rising to a high pale horizon. Another painter who is not without sympathy with the new Glasgow school is Mr. Swan, whose "Maternity" (68), a lioness suckling her cubs in a vast brown wilderness, has fine qualities, but is, it appears to us, needlessly huge. The place of honour at the Grosvenor is given to Mr. Orchardson's full-length and full-sized portrait of himself in a complete suit of yellow-brown, with a palette—a very characteristic and vigorous piece of portraiture, not devoid of a pleasing air of suppressed roguishness. The Glasgow painters seem to have scattered the cohorts of Newlyn before them, but here is Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who easily beats them all with a sedate masterpiece, "The Road" (4), a Cornish roadway, under an evening light, leading along the coast from the outskirts of a little white-washed market-town. This is a very simple and unassuming picture, but Mr. Stanhope Forbes has done nothing more perfect. Mr. Brangwyn, who shows to better advantage at the Royal Academy, sends a composition called "The Weekly Dispatch" (45), which is too large, too pallid, and not sufficiently amusing. Sir Arthur Clay's enormous "Court of Criminal Appeal" (150) is skied in the East Gallery, but displays to full advantage its five life-sized judges in scarlet and ermine. In this, as in so many other instances, we ask, Why so large? We are not aware that anything is gained in effectiveness by this loud appeal to the sense of physical bigness. A masterpiece looks great if it is only six inches square. An enormous canvas that is not a masterpiece merely looks empty.

RACING.

THE two-year-olds of last season were generally admitted to have been exceptionally brilliant; but it was not until the first day of the Newmarket First Spring Meeting that one of their better representatives appeared in public this year. Baron de Rothschild's Heaume had shown such good form last year that nearly 3 to 1 was laid upon him for the Hastings Plate, although eleven opponents, including several winners, came out against him. When he was stripped for the race, the critics were of opinion that he had made every improvement that was possible

since last season, and some of them went so far as to say that he was the best-looking of all the sons of Hermit. With size, strength, length, beautiful sloping shoulders, the high-set Hermit quarters, excellent loins, and well-formed limbs and feet, it was difficult, indeed, to find a fault in him; nor could exception be taken to his performance in the race that followed. Getting a fair start, he waited in a tolerably forward position until reaching the T.Y.C. winning-post, where F. Barrett brought him to the front, and from that point he was never again headed. About a couple of hundred yards from the finish Cannon tried to make a rush with Hackler, the second favourite, and a winner of two races this spring; but he was unable to press Heaume, who sailed on, and won in a canter by two lengths. The Australian-bred colt, Kirkham, ran gamely after being outpaced in the early part of the race, and finished within half a length of Hackler, from whom he was receiving 6 lbs. Heaume was giving 5 lbs. to Hackler. Among the unplaced lot were the well-shaped, short-legged Robert-the-Devil colt, Bel Demonio, who had won over 1,000*l.* in stakes last season; Rotten Row, another winner of the same amount, and one of the finest-looking specimens of the stock of Peter; and the powerful Galliard colt, Far Niente, a winner of four races last year; yet the field was not strong enough to try a first-class colt, although due allowance must be made for the ease with which Heaume won. Almost at the very time at which Heaume was winning this race, his grand old sire, Hermit, died. During his twenty years of stud life his stock won more than 343,000*l.* His fee began at 20 guineas, and was gradually raised to 250 guineas. Probably his best son was Tristan, who has unfortunately gone to France; but we have still the excellent, though unlucky, Friar's Balsam left to us, and it remains to be seen whether Heaume may not turn out the best of Hermit's representatives, even if we are to infer from Le Nord's having been preferred by his owner for the Two Thousand that the nephew must be better than his uncle. The fields throughout the first day at the First Spring Meeting were of good size, and a number of two-year-olds made their appearance—among others, Révérend, a French-bred colt by that wonderfully speedy horse, Energy; Prismatic, a chestnut filly by Prism; and a strongly-framed colt by Brag called Bumptious, a chestnut with a white face, white legs, and no hairs on his tail worth speaking about. All three won races.

On the day of the Two Thousand, the rest of the racing was of no great interest. The ill-tempered Faust, who ran eight times unsuccessfully last season, won his first race in a Maiden Plate, and Lord Hartington's neatly-made colt, Marvel, won the Peel Handicap. Lord Londonderry's grey two-year-old, Dereham, who had run Macuncas to half a length at Liverpool, was sold for 900 guineas after winning a Selling Plate. Very "plating" indeed was the racing of the day, with the exception of the great event, and we need say nothing further than that the scarceness of valuable races and the superabundance of hundred-pound plates at Newmarket are to be regretted. The racing of the Thursday was chiefly remarkable for the defeat of the first favourites in every instance. Odds were laid on Lord Calthorpe's Heresy for the Chippenham Stakes, as she had shown some smart form last season; but Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Lactantius, whom she had beaten by three lengths a year ago, now beat her by a much greater distance, and ran a dead heat with Mr. Maple's Middlesex, whose jockey broke a stirrup-leather, on passing the winning-post, and only escaped a nasty fall by a gymnastic scramble. Lord Rodney's Danbydale, as usual, disappointed his backers in the Welter Handicap, the 9 st. 6 lbs. which he was now carrying being a very different affair from the 6 st. 10 lbs. under which he won at Derby. Odds were laid on Mr. H. Milner's filly, Athol Lass, a winner of several races last year, for the Ely Plate; but, after making the running for half the course, she was beaten, and the race was won by Mr. Hamar Bass's chestnut colt by Hermit out of Ma Belle, a four-year-old that had never before gained a victory, and had cost a thousand guineas as a yearling. He is a very good-looking horse, but he is said to be a roarer. Horse critics were much pleased with Guardian, a strong, short-legged, chestnut colt by Zealot out of Selection by Hampton, that won a Maiden Plate.

It is difficult to say whether the interest of the One Thousand was made or marred by the absence of Chevalier Ginstrelli's Signorina. Had she started her victory would have been almost regarded as an absolute certainty; yet her first appearance as a three-year-old would have been watched with great eagerness. If indisposition in the early part of the year had interrupted her training, it was some consolation to know that she was now being prepared for the Oaks, and her temporary retirement at least gave her rivals a chance of distinguishing themselves. As she was out of the way there could be little doubt about the claims to favouritism of the Duke of Portland's excellent little bay filly, Semolina, who had once beaten Surefoot, the winner of the Two Thousand, and had won twelve races, worth 9,285*l.* Besides this remarkably successful filly, her owner started her half-sister, Memoir, a much larger, if somewhat plain, filly, for which he had given 1,500 guineas as a yearling. Although not to be compared with that of Semolina, her form had been far from indifferent. Mr. Warren de la Rue's Dearest had been an even more expensive yearling, as she cost 1,700 guineas. She has odd feet and no superabundance of bone, otherwise she is a beautiful filly, and she is very well bred, being by Hampton out of Lady Tramp (probably) by Chevron, out of a Birdcatcher mare, grandam by Melbourne, out of the celebrated Lady Elizabeth. She had only run twice;

in her first race she had run second, in a field of fifteen, to Heresy, and in her other race, the Kempton Park Breeders' Produce Stakes of 6,177*l.*, she had won from a field of twenty horses, including Riviera, a winner of 12,237*l.* in stakes, and the conqueror of Semolina, Le Nord, and Heaume. Riviera had given her 7 lbs. and run her to half a length, and if she was within 5 lbs. of Riviera, her chance for the One Thousand seemed a very fair one. Mr. Rose's Arcadia, a blood-like but rather undersized chestnut filly by Isonomy out of Distant Shore, although a winner of 1,536*l.*, had no remarkable public form to boast of, and the same might be said of Mr. Houldsworth's Springfield filly, Ponza, a winner of 2,200*l.*, as well as of Mr. Maple's lengthy and rather good-looking bay filly, Lightfoot, who had won 950*l.* The best, indeed all, that could be said of Baron de Rothschild's very handsome and rather powerful filly, Fatuité, was that she had run within two lengths of Riviera at Ascot, and that she had not been overworked as a two-year-old. Prince Soltykoff's chestnut filly, Star, had something of the latter advantage, having only run twice as a two-year-old, winning a stake worth 700*l.* on the second occasion. Mr. Douglas Baird's Floranthe had never before run in public at all.

Mr. Coventry, who had just undertaken his new duties as starter, sent the ten fillies off in an even line with scarcely any delay. The white jacket with black sleeves of Semolina's jockey was the first seen in advance; then came Baron de Rothschild's blue and yellow hoops on Fatuité. On entering the rails the white and gold stripes of Lightfoot and the orange, with red collar and cuffs, of Dearest joined the leading division. As they approached the Busheas the other edition of the Duke of Portland's colours with the distinguishing white cap carried by Memoir, drew towards the front, and almost at the same time Dearest began to drop back. On the top of the Bushes Hill, Watts, Semolina's jockey, appeared to be riding a little more vigorously than the favourite's backers could have wished at a point so far from the winning-post, and they must have felt intense relief when they saw that all her opponents save one were outpaced as she came down the hill. The single filly that stuck pertinaciously to Semolina was Memoir, and, fortunately for the backers of the favourite, she was not a rival, as the owner of the pair had declared to win with Semolina. Before they had reached the Abingdon Dip it was pretty clear that Memoir, who was pulling double, could pass Semolina if her jockey allowed her to do so. As they came up the ascent G. Barrett had to hold her so hard that the backers of Semolina for a moment or two felt nervous; but it was undoubtedly his duty to keep his filly close at hand in case of need, as Fatuité was only a length and a half off. Eventually Semolina won, on sufferance, by three-quarters of a length from Memoir, and brought up her winnings in stakes to 13,535*l.* Her name had already become sufficiently famous, and it would obviously have been most to the interest of an owner who scarcely bets at all to make another of his fillies celebrated by allowing her to win one of the great three-year-old races; so his declaration to win with the filly that his friends and the public had chosen to back was an act of pure unselfishness. The racing law on the subject is clear enough:—"An owner running two or more horses in a race may declare to win with one of them, and such declaration must be made at scale. A jockey riding a horse with which the owner has not declared to win must on no account stop such horse, except in favour of the stable companion on whose behalf declaration to win has been made."

After the last race of the meeting the Stewards summoned before them the two brothers Lontes, who had ridden the first and second in it, for interfering with the chance of the first favourite, although Cannon, the rider of the latter, had not lodged a complaint. They sentenced them to suspension for a week—a very appreciable punishment at this time of year, for it not only prevented them from riding at Alexandra Park, Chester, and the first day at Kempton, but also in the French Two Thousand and One Thousand on Sunday last. As was pointed out by Mr. Lowther at a meeting of the Jockey Club last month, reciprocal relations between foreign racing Clubs and the English Jockey Club are of great importance for this very purpose of maintaining discipline among jockeys, the absence of such an arrangement with the Buenos Ayres Club enabling jockeys that have been warned off the English Turf to train and to ride horses in the Argentine Republic.

Heaume's easy success for the French Two Thousand on Sunday last was achieved at the cost of some knocking about, as F. Barrett, who hurt his own foot, got shut in and pressed against the rails in his endeavours to force an opening. As a public trial the race does not leave us much wiser than it found us; but a horse of less courage than Heaume might, perhaps, have been beaten after such a jostling. The French One Thousand, a race worth 1,967*l.*, only brought out three fillies. Backers laid odds on Alicante, who was easily beaten by Wandora.

The Chester Cup proved to be the "good thing" that the betting foretold for Mr. S. J. Baker's Tyrant, who won very easily by four lengths. This was one of those cases which set all rules of handicapping at defiance. How were the handicappers to know that a horse which had been running for three years without being even placed, except in one race which he had won as a two-year-old, was able to do such a thing as this? It was only within a week of the Chester Cup, when, with 14 to 1 laid against him, he beat Snaplock easily by two lengths at 9 lbs., that

his powers were revealed. We need only add that Vasitas ran very well in being second when giving Tyrant a stone and a half and a year, or the equivalent of 26 lbs., and finishing five lengths in front of anything else.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

THE Life Assurance Blue-book which the Board of Trade annually publishes has appeared very late this year. In 1888 and 1889 it was issued in the second week of March; but this year it has not been made public until the very last day of April. Apparently one cause of the delay is the correspondence into which the Board entered with the London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow Assurance Company. As this correspondence not only raises questions of great importance as regards the particular Company concerned, but also brings out very clearly the necessity for an amendment of the law, we make no apology for directing the attention of our readers to it. It is twenty years now since the Act was passed requiring life assurance Companies to make annual returns to the Board of Trade. The Act was confessedly tentative; but very soon it was discovered to be defective in many respects; yet nothing has been done to remedy its deficiencies. If the correspondence, which the Board of Trade has very properly included in this year's Blue-book, should have the effect of inducing Parliament to take up the matter in earnest, it will have served a very useful purpose. Early in November last the Board wrote to the manager and actuary of the Company, expressing grave doubts whether they would be justified in accepting the accounts then submitted as complying with the requirements of the Life Assurance Companies Acts—firstly, because the Directors charge against the revenue account, not the actual expenditure, but only the "loading" (that is to say, the provision made in the premium for expenditures and profits); and, secondly, because sums exceeding 200,000*l.* were incorrectly described as assets, and would probably be more correctly described as a deficiency, as these sums represent moneys absolutely expended in the formation of the business. They do not appear, therefore, to be investments such as can be realized to meet accruing death or sickness claims, or other liabilities of the Company. The communication wound up with an intimation that the Board reserved to themselves the right to present the letter to Parliament. A long correspondence followed, in the course of which the Company contended—firstly, that the method of charging revenue with the "loading" only as distinguished from the actual expenditure of the year is a sound one, inasmuch as it practically causes a valuation of the Company's business to be made every year instead of once only in five years; secondly, that the practice is authorized by the articles of association of the Company; thirdly, that it was sanctioned by the Board themselves for the years 1881–1885; and fourthly, that, in the opinion of counsel, it is in accordance with the Act of 1870. As respects the position of the Company, the manager and actuary goes on to state that during the past year new capital exceeding 58,000*l.* had been called up, and he argues, further, that the uncalled capital ought to be taken into account by the Board in considering whether the Company is actually solvent or not. Including the newly-called-up capital and the uncalled capital he maintains that there is a surplus in favour of the policyholders of over 43,000*l.* We would ask our readers whether it is not a scandal that a great public department should be obliged to accept and present to Parliament a return with which it so plainly intimates it is entirely dissatisfied. Either a great injustice is done to the Company by throwing doubts upon the accuracy of its accounts, and even upon its very solvency, or the law is disgracefully uncertain. The Board of Trade doubts, for example, whether the Company is justified in charging only the loading against revenue; but counsel gives an opinion that the Company is entitled to do so under the Act of 1870, and the Board of Trade has no power to insist upon an amendment of the return. To object that the Board sanctioned the practice for five or six years may be clever as a rejoinder, but carries no weight with the public. Neither does the argument that charging only the loading compels a valuation of the business every year. If an annual valuation is desirable, it can be made though the actual expenditure is charged. The point of importance is that apparently, as the law stands at present, a Company is not bound to return its actual expenditure; and, if it be not, the return is obviously worthless. Again, it ought surely to be settled whether uncalled capital is to be included amongst the assets of a Company. A very plausible argument may, no doubt, be adduced in favour of doing so; but unquestionably the rule which the Board of Trade tries to enforce is the safe one.

Turning now to the returns proper, we find a satisfactory increase in the receipts of the Companies taken altogether. The premium income—which is, of course, the real indication of the growth of insurance business—shows an increase for the year of over 341,000*l.*, and the consideration for annuities shows an increase of over 295,000*l.* But we are obliged to add that many of the Companies pay dearly for the augmented businesses they have obtained; we shall, however, come back to that point by-and-by. Several Companies, we must add, are attracting business in a perfectly legitimate and praiseworthy manner. For a long time past they have been repealing, modifying,

and restricting old rules which deter the public from insuring their lives, and they have been adopting regulations more in accordance with the spirit of the present time. There is an increase also in interest and dividends, which is partly the result of increased investments, and partly, perhaps, of the efforts of the Companies to increase their incomes by investing more largely abroad; and, lastly, there is an increase in the value of investments, which is a natural consequence of the rise in Stock Exchange prices that has been going on for some years past, and that was so marked last year. On the other hand, the claims are very much less than they were the year before; but that is a mere accident due solely to the fact that for some reason or other the rate of mortality amongst the assured was less last year than the year before. In all other items there is an increase in expenditure; but we shall not dwell upon that point now, as we shall return to it by-and-bye. Coming to the assets, we find that out of a total of nearly 189 millions, very nearly 90 millions consist of mortgages of land and house property and ground-rents; not far short, that is, of half the total. At one time, as our readers are aware, mortgages at home were the favourite form of investment for the insurance Companies. The value of land and houses was constantly rising, and as house and land property at home was immediately under the eye of the Companies, it was naturally regarded as the best kind of investment. But since the agricultural depression set in, mortgages at home are more and more avoided. Several of the Companies, however, have been trying to push business abroad, in the colonies and India as well as in foreign countries. In so doing they get of course a higher rate for their money; but, on the other hand, unless great care is exercised, lending money upon mortgage abroad is even a more risky kind of business than it is at home, notwithstanding the agricultural depression. In spite of the conversion of Consols, the Companies are still increasing their investment in British Government securities, but at a much less rate than in Indian and colonial Government securities. Last year, for instance, the increase in British was only 185,000*l.*, while in Indian and colonial Government securities it was over 613,000*l.* In foreign Government securities there was actually a decrease. Perhaps some of the Companies were induced to sell by the extremely high prices to which foreign Government bonds rose last year. The greatest increase, however, in investments last year was in debentures, being not much short of two millions. A little more information respecting these debentures would be valuable, for we need hardly remind our readers that there are debentures and debentures. The debenture stocks, for example, of British Railway Companies are practically as good as any security that can be found. But there are debentures of new Companies with uncertain prospects, of North and South American railways and mines, and of similar concerns, with which insurance Companies clearly ought to have nothing to do. There is also a very considerable increase in the investments in shares and stocks, exceeding last year 429,000*l.* It is of course always to be borne in mind that the Companies have to invest their premium income in order to accumulate a fund sufficient to meet all their liabilities. And where the Companies have calculated that they would receive a high rate of interest on their investments there is a very strong temptation to turn from the safest to somewhat more risky securities. The very safe securities give but a small return on the money invested, while as the risk increases the return also augments. It would be well if the public were afforded some more information than these returns give as to the stocks and shares in which the Companies invest.

Coming, in the last place, to the expenditure, we find that the proportion it bears to the premium income is still steadily rising. Since the beginning of 1878 the *Statist* has published tables showing what this proportion is year by year. We find that for 111 companies making returns to the Board of Trade for the year 1877, the proportion borne by the expenses to the premium income was 16.6 per cent. Last year 104 Companies made returns, and the proportion borne by the expenses to the premium income was as high as 21.8 per cent. Therefore, the proportion since 1877 has risen nearly 5½ per cent., or, compared with the proportion of 1877, over 30 per cent. Going back to 1884, when also 104 Companies made returns, as last year, the proportion was then only 19.6 per cent. Last year, as we have seen, it was 21.8 per cent. In the five years, therefore, there has been a rise of nearly 2½ per cent. But this is not all. A more serious matter is that the number of Companies which are conducting their business at really moderate ratios is growing steadily smaller. For example, in 1878 there were as many as 19 Companies whose expenses were less than 10 per cent. of the premium income. Last year the number had fallen to eight. In 1878, again, there were as many as 45 Companies whose expenses were between 10 and 15 per cent. of their premium incomes. Last year the number had fallen to 39. Thus we see that in 1878 the number of Companies whose expenses were less than 15 per cent. of their premium incomes was 64. Last year it had fallen to 47. In the interval, therefore, there was a decrease in the number of 17 Companies, or 26½ per cent. On the other hand, in 1878 there were only 7 Companies whose expenses exceeded 15 per cent. and were less than 20 per cent. Last year the number had risen to 24. The number, that is, was multiplied very nearly 3½ times. Practically, that is to say, the 17 Companies which conducted their business at an expense of less than 15 per cent. twelve years ago, and have now ceased to do so, have

passed into the class which carry on their business at an expense of from 15 to 20 per cent. of their premium incomes. Once more, in 1878 there were 35 Companies whose expenses exceeded 20 per cent. Last year there were 33 such. The great change then that has been going on since 1878 is, that a large number of Companies whose expenses were under 10 per cent. have now passed into the class whose expenses are between 10 and 15 per cent., and another large number who did business at less than 15 per cent. have now passed into the class whose expenses are from 15 to 20 per cent. We do not mean to say, of course, that increased expenditure necessarily means bad management. There may be a justification; but it is unquestionable that the most prudent, the most farseeing, and the most careful actuaries are all of opinion that expenses are increasing too rapidly at present, that many of the Companies think more of augmenting their business than of making safe the interests of the policy-holders, and that unless a check is put on this system grave consequences must in the end ensue. Besides, it is perfectly plain that the first duty which a Company owes is to the policy-holders. It has entered into contracts with them to make certain payments on certain conditions, and it is bound to do nothing which in the slightest degree can imperil its ability to fulfil its contracts. An increase of business is quite a secondary consideration, and to plead, therefore, as some managers and actuaries do, that expenses must be increased to get fresh business, is to confess that they mistake their first duty. All the Companies are not equally guilty; far from it. We have seen that there are still some whose expenses are under 10 per cent., and there are many whose expenses are under 15 per cent.; but too many are carried away by the prevailing anxiety to attract business even at an undue cost.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Second Notice.)

THERE are two senses in which the word "imaginative" can be legitimately used in art criticism. In the strictest signification of the phrase it should include, subjectively, whatever by its intensity of purpose or skill of execution displays the possession of imagination by its producer. But it is more customary, and more convenient, to confine the expression "imaginative art" to an objective meaning, and to use it in describing those works which are directly inspired by poetical literature or by ideas of the same class as those usually enshrined in verse. This kind of art is never abundant in any country; but it is perhaps cultivated in England as assiduously as anywhere else; when it succeeds its success is so brilliant that we are accustomed to give even to its indifferent examples the honour of precedence. It may be remarked that this species of imaginative art is beginning to be cultivated more by the English sculptors than the painters, another sign, if another were needed, of the superior vitality of the rising school of sculptors in this country. But we have to deal only with the painters to-day.

Among the artists whose inspiration is taken from poetry, but who place their imaginations in no particular framework of archaeology or history, Sir Frederick Leighton has but to exert himself to remain the foremost. His pictures this year are not ambitious, each contains but a single figure; but they are full of his peculiar charm. Of the three, the first in order, "Solitude" (166), strikes us as the least interesting. The details of this figure are not salient, and the nymph looks not merely like a tinted marble, but like a severely abraded one. Vastly more charming is "The Bath of Psyche" (243), the form of the bather relieved against a purple curtain, above which is a brilliant blue sky, with lines of snow-white cloud. We admire still more than "The Bath of Psyche" the "Tragic Poetess" (310). She sits in a golden chair on a terrace, with her back to a dark-blue tossing sea, the sky, of a deep golden hue, breaking into sunshine behind her shoulders. Her drapery, lilac-grey around her head, with a purple stole and snow-white tunic, is drawn with consummate science. A red vase, full of manuscripts, stands at her right hand, although she is not reading, but in the act of composition, her lips slightly moving with the roll of the ascending hexameters.

Mr. Albert Moore, although trained in a very different school, distinctly possesses intellectual affinities with Sir Frederick Leighton. It is many years since Mr. Moore has exhibited so large and important a composition as "A Summer Night" (487), or one which has been carried so far. In this work a group of women recline in various attitudes on an open terrace, which looks out on an expanse of sea, with an island and the twinkling lamps of a town in the distance. Outside it is night; but these "Primrose dames"—for everything about them is pale yellow—are illuminated, one knows not how, by a light like the light of day. The draperies which hang about are of a primrose paleness, the cushions and sofas being upholstered with a deeper and more golden yellow. About their heads hangs a trellis-work of pale yellow pansies and golden ranunculuses. A great bunch of honesty stands in a green pot; some of the ornaments are inlaid with mother-o'-pearl. One needs to be very fond of primrose-yellow not to find the colour, on so large a scale, a little garish. Nor are the figures, it seems to us, painted with such a delicacy as Mr. Moore once possessed. At one time he suggested more

than he now gives, and in going further with him on the road of finish, we fare worse. Nevertheless, this is an important work. Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, by rather a happy accident, has achieved a great success with her "Love Locked Out" (32); we say by accident, because when we have admired this effective and graceful nudity, excellently applied against the golden door, we observe many absurdities in the composition, and especially in the architecture.

Of three or four painters who this year, as usual, have been inspired by the story of Andromeda, Mr. Tuke is the most exasperating (1076). This young painter has so much talent, and displays such abundant skill, in this exceedingly ridiculous picture, that we scarcely know how to deal with him. It is best to begin with praise, and we will therefore say that this work has no academic faults—that it is, so far as it goes, exquisite in the freshness of its illumination and in the harmony of its flesh-tints with the landscape accessories, and that it shows an audacity wholly praiseworthy in treating the naked figure under a northern sky. But it has executive faults; it is painted so thinly, and with so little care to achieve solidity of modelling, that it looks like a composition of pearl-coloured phantoms. Its imaginative faults, however, are far more serious, and are, indeed, almost incredible. Mr. Tuke has, in his own fancy, realized so feebly the old Greek story, that his Perseus looks like a clerk from a London counting-house away on the Cornish coast for a fortnight's holiday. His face and neck are ruddy, for he has been coaching; but his body is as white as though it had never seen the sea before, and there is a sunburned line which marks the place where his collar usually comes. Andromeda, by the same proof, is now evidently enjoying a bath in the open air for the first time. In short, Mr. Tuke has put a male model and a female model on the rocks, and has drawn an overgrown dog-fish at their feet; he has made the female model cling to the cliff, he has made the male model threaten to stick a little dagger into the dog-fish; and he thinks that, because he paints all this nimbly and realistically, under the light of heaven, he is permitted to call it a realization of one of the noblest myths of Hellas. No, no! Mr. Tuke! Explain to your Andromeda that dog-fishes do not eat girls, and tell your Perseus to fasten that collar again round the neck of his jersey. Paint Newlyn fishermen playing euchre, as you do so cleverly, and let the foolish Hellenes go.

The more we look at Mr. John Collier's "The Death of Cleopatra" (551), the more are we struck by its sterling merits. It has been criticized, we observe, from an archaeological point of view, and it may or may not be true that Cleopatra would not be likely to select this place and these surroundings for her act of suicide. But all this has very little to do with art; and, moreover, nothing is really known about the death of Cleopatra. Where history is silent the painter may surely be permitted to give us the luxury of this majestic interior, this grandiose *mise-en-scène*. The Queen lies stretched at the feet of two gigantic gods of basalt, whose heads are almost lost in the obscurity of the temple; a capital of green and blue soars up into the African sunlight. From the bier an exquisite silken coverlet of silvery gold escapes and fills the foreground. Charnian, a great fan falling from her hand, turns away in anguish from the head of her mistress; Iras lies dead upon the floor. This is a very solid and noble production, and one that distinctly improves the position of the artist. Mr. W. H. Margetson's treatment of another Cleopatra episode (820) is not without merit, but trivial and unimpressive in its conception of the queen.

Religious and allegorical art are not strongly represented at the Royal Academy. Mr. Henry J. Stock paints "Satan overthrown at the feet of the Cross" (114), and Mr. Calderon, in a ruddy gorge of Arabia, with a purple flush in the air, has seated "Hagar" (327) in an attitude. Mr. Arthur Lemon's "Conversion of St. Hubert" (470) is very fine in colour, and worthy of a better place. The hunter, his horse, and his dog are all startled by the apparition of the sacred stag, with the high white crucifix between his antlers. "An Episode of the Deluge" (499), by Mr. Herbert Draper, is a curious and interesting picture. Mr. Hamilton Jackson deserves credit for his "Apparition of St. Agnes" (1025), in a luminous procession under the blossoming almond. Mr. Rob Sauber's "Ambition" (202) is an allegory which hangs over Mr. Dicksee's "Tannhäuser" in the great room; it consists of a well-drawn and gracefully-modelled nude figure, spurning a vast bubble with her toe, and lifting a golden circlet to grasping hands that descend. We do not know what it means, but it is a good piece of painting.

Mr. Dicksee's "Tannhäuser" (203) will be very popular. It gives the public a great deal to talk about, and suggests ready questions to which there are easy answers. Yet we do not know that any picture of Mr. Dicksee's, for the last ten years, has pleased us so little. Landor has said, and Mr. Dicksee should bear the phrase in mind, "the moment a man mixes a particle of prose with his poetry, it precipitates the whole." Mr. Dicksee is a poet among painters, and nothing but a poet; he should, therefore, avoid making his composition so regular as to suggest arrangement, and, above all, he should adopt a greater daring in his colour, more force in his faces. In a word, Mr. Dicksee needs to compose less, and paint more freely. We want a healthier freshness in his intelligent and touching canvases, a breath of gayer life through his musky avenues. None the less his "Tannhäuser" is a picture far above the average, even of excellence as our modern painters understand it; and if we are not wholly pleased, it is

because we rank Mr. Dicksee among the most capable of our artists, and desire to see him always at his best.

Mr. Solomon Solomon and Mr. Arthur Hacker have enormous canvases in the Tenth Gallery, but neither of these artists achieves a great success this year. Mr. Solomon's "Hippolyta" (1063) is oddly illuminated, an orange blaze of sunset lighting the brown raviher and his (remarkably calm) blonde victim, with her horse's head; the rest of the canvas being grey with shadow. The two horses, the black and the white, are oddly foreshortened. Yet there is a great deal of admirable student's work in this picture, especially in the figures. Mr. Henry J. Stock quotes some lines from *Kubla Khan* to illustrate his singular study (175) of a naked woman who has thrown herself, by moonlight, on the ground in an open cavern, "wailing for her demon lover" in an agony of distress. A fascinating little picture of very high merit is "The Piping Fisher Boy" (465), by Mr. John M. Swan. In this a wild lad, stretched on the rocks, plays some savage air upon his pipe, until the calm sea around him is churned with the activity of upright fishes, half out of the water, who are dancing to that sweet music; and even a great crab, with no figure for the dance, has crept out of water, as near to the piper as he dares, and keeps time with his claws. The colour of this little canvas is exquisite.

Mr. Edwin Abbey's "A May Day Morning" (109), in spite of its slightness of execution, has created a great interest in artistic circles. It is the designer's first picture in oil colours, and it recalls the days when he was illustrating the *Hesperides* with a singular grace and gaiety. In the soft and dewy brilliancy of a spring morning, a laughing youth hurries a half-unwilling maiden along, in a garden full of blossoming trees. The lad has a lute under his arm; his Corinna is country elegance itself in all her lines and pose; the air is full of "fresh-quilted odours"; and an outrageous cock, erect upon the garden-wall in a blaze of sunshine, is greeting "Titan on the eastern hill."

A FLEMISH FESTIVAL.

AT this time, when Mr. Cook and his clients are busying themselves about Ober-Ammergau and the Reviews are flooded with articles on the interesting survival of a mediæval ceremony, probably few are aware that nearer home a no less picturesque and much more ancient festival has been celebrated—the Festival of the Sacred Blood at Bruges. The Passion Play occurs only once in ten years, and therefore attracts greater attention than an annual ceremony. It is, however, more remarkable to find in a town situated in the midst of a network of railways, and within a few hours' journey of Protestant Holland, freethinking Germany, and the land which has Paris for a capital, a feast celebrated with all the religious fervour and popular enthusiasm of five hundred years ago.

Thierry of Alsace, Count of Flanders, and his wife Sybil, sister of Baldwin III., King of Jerusalem, started in 1147 for the Holy Land to join the Crusade under the command of the Emperor Conrad and Louis VII., King of France. The hardships and fatigues of the war broke the health of the Count, and he was obliged to return to Europe. But his exploits in the holy cause had been so great that Baldwin wished to make some present to his brother-in-law worthy of the valuable services he had rendered. After consultation with the Patriarch of Jerusalem, it was resolved to present to the Count "an inestimable treasure, a part of the Precious and True Blood of Our Saviour Jesus Christ, which Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus had collected from the wounds when they took down the body from the Cross." The Count received the precious relic with profound humility, and confided it to his almoner, Leoninus, Abbot of St. Bertin, who carried it attached to a chain round his neck all the way from the Holy Land to Flanders. There is no room for doubt that the treasure brought by Thierry has remained in the possession of the city of Bruges ever since. Indeed, its history is the history of the citizens who have guarded it with such jealous care. We learn from the chronicles that the extraordinary devotion of the inhabitants and of strangers towards the Sacred Blood induced the ecclesiastical and the civil authorities to institute a solemn procession in which it should be borne through the streets. The first ceremony was performed on the 3rd of May, 1311, a hundred and sixty-one years after the relic was presented by the Count to the city. A Confraternity of the Sacred Blood consisting of thirty members, with a Provost and four chaplains, was established to guard it at all times. The picturesque costumes of this brotherhood are unfortunately no longer worn. It would be impossible to describe the vicissitudes and dangers to which the relic has been exposed; one legendary episode, however, is sufficiently curious to record. Philip van Artevelde marched on Bruges with 5,000 men on the 2nd of May, 1382, and encamped outside the city. The procession, which at that time followed a route less protected than at present, was proceeding on its way, when an irregular band of armed burghers rushed out of the gates to attack the men of Ghent, and unintentionally threw the procession into confusion. The clergy stood their ground for a time, but were ultimately affected with the prevailing panic and took to flight. The bearer of the sacred relic, also losing his head, cast about him how he could save the treasure, and, finding no other means, threw the crystal phial into the canal which bounds the *Béguinage*. The inhabitants, having recovered from their groundless alarm, became inconsolable for

the loss of their relic; they conjectured that the men of Ghent must have carried it off, and the misadventure seemed to them to presage further calamities. One day a nun of the *Béguinage* who had gone to draw water saw some glittering object at the bottom of the canal. With the help of her superior, the object was easily drawn out, and was found to be the lost and inestimable relic. The news was received with extraordinary enthusiasm, and the *Béguinage* was besieged by enormous crowds eager to bear their treasure back to its own chapel with special pomp. This incident is the alleged cause of certain privileges still enjoyed by the *Béguines*, and is represented in an ancient picture in the church of their settlement.

In 1578 the Calvinists distinguished themselves in a manner only equalled afterwards by the *sansculottes* of 1792. When reading the accounts of their depredations in Bruges, especially to the Chapel of the Sacred Blood, the most persistent Protestant may well shudder. Happily the relic was carried off and hidden by the Provost Malvenda in his own house, and the people to this day hold in special respect those houses which at different times have afforded an asylum to their beloved treasure. In 1792 the French entered Bruges, and completed the havoc begun by the Calvinists. The adventures through which the relic passed read like some mediæval romance, and the devotion and care bestowed on it by the Confraternity excite the most sympathetic interest. It was not until May 2, 1819, that it was restored to its former resting-place, and exposed for the veneration of the faithful. The solemn ceremonies were again established, and have been continued without interruption up to the present day. The procession, though stripped of much of its ancient splendour, is materially the same; but the enthusiasm surrounding it is not less marked than it was six hundred years ago.

Last Monday, however, was a special occasion, owing to the jubilee of the Bishop of Bruges, five members of the Belgian hierarchy, including the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, being present. The graceful costume of the seminaries, societies, and guilds of Bruges; the gorgeous crimson vestments of the priests; the choristers, in scarlet cassocks, swinging the heavy silver censers and chanting as they slowly marched before the Sacred Blood, formed a most imposing spectacle. Gaily-painted or richly-vested images of the patron saints of Bruges, borne on litters, were followed or preceded by children carrying the emblems of their martyrdom, and led by a boy or girl dressed to represent the saint in life. Two little boys, representing St. John the Baptist and the child Jesus, attracted particular attention; and a man in a purple robe, as Christ bearing the cross, was an impressive figure. The long procession, with its many tapers and brilliant banners, winding through the streets of the old city, crossing and recrossing the canals, presented an imposing spectacle. The official presence of civil and military persons marked its unique character as the great civic and popular as well as the most solemn religious ceremony of Flanders. After the procession, the benediction was given by the Cardinal Archbishop from an altar erected in the open air, in the Place de Bourg, and in front of the Chapel of the Sacred Blood.

This chapel, which is built above the more ancient church of St. Basil, has suffered terribly from the fanatics. In 1792 the magnificent stained windows were sold to an Englishman for 300 francs apiece, and a great many of the treasures—gifts of European princes—were melted down. On the whole, it has been skilfully restored, and contains a fine Gothic altar by Jean Bethune. The Sacred Blood itself is contained in a crystal cylinder, closed at each end by a golden crown; when the relic is exposed, this cylinder is fastened to a silver chain hanging round a priest's neck. The shrine in which the reliquary is carried is of very elaborate gold and silver workmanship, made by Jean Crabbe, a goldsmith of the city, in 1617. It consists of an hexagonal base, covered by a baldacchino, which is supported by six slender fluted pillars; within stands the shrine proper, a coffer surmounted by a crucifix and figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. John; above the crucifix hangs the enamelled crown presented by Mary of Burgundy, and worn by her on State occasions; upon the baldacchino are three open, domed niches, also resting on little columns, containing the figures of the Saviour, St. Donat, and St. Basil; the centre niche is itself surmounted by a fourth, in which is an image of the Madonna and Child; above this, again, is the symbolic pelican feeding her young. The figures are of solid gold, the rest of the shrine being of silver gilt, and thickly incrustured with precious stones. The whole structure stands about 29 centimetres high, on an area of 61; though rather heavy, it is a very handsome specimen of the goldsmith's art; the faults belong rather to the epoch than to the artist.

Many other places have claimed possession of relics of the Sacred Blood. Ferrand, writing in the seventeenth century, mentions several, among others Mantua, Lucca, and Rome—in the church of St. John the Lateran. St. Louis brought particles to Paris which he had received from the Emperor of Constantinople. Readers of Chaucer will remember "the Blood of Christ that is in Hales." This may, perhaps, be the same mentioned by Matthew Paris as brought to England from Jerusalem in the middle of the thirteenth century. But these relics could not claim the authenticity of those of Bruges and Mantua. Unlike the relic of Bruges, which is traced to Joseph of Arimathea, the relic of Mantua is supposed to have been preserved by Longinus the Centurion. It reposes in a silver shrine said to have been the work of Benvenuto Cellini.

THE SILK EXHIBITION.

LADY EGERTON of TATTON deserves the warm recognition of the public for the energy with which she has thrown herself into the movement for improving the prospects of British silk. The Silk Exhibition, which was opened last Tuesday by the Princess Mary of Teck, is held in the ball-room of Lady Egerton's house, 7 St. James's Square, and is the first of its kind which has ever been formed. In her preface to the Catalogue Lady Egerton states that the Silk Association is endeavouring to find spacious premises in a central situation, in which its exhibitions may be held in succeeding years. Meanwhile, the present collection of British silks is one of extraordinary beauty and variety, and has been thrown open to the public under circumstances of such unusual prestige that there is room for abundant hopes for the future of the enterprise which Mr. Wardle and his associates have at heart. As Lord Cadogan said on Tuesday, it is not necessary to import into the consideration of this subject any political or politico-economical bias. All that is asked for British silk is a free field and no favour.

The Silk Association, as we recorded at the time, was founded, in 1887, as an outcome of the Silk Section of the Manchester Exhibition. Mr. Thomas Wardle, who, as is well known, is the first living authority on everything connected with silk and sericulture, had particularly called for a scientific revival of the silk industry in England. Lord Stanley of Preston, the President of the Board of Trade, took up the matter with warmth, and sent Mr. A. E. Bateman to give official help in the formation of the Association. Mr. Bateman's counsel, and the assistance thus rendered by the Board of Trade, have more than once been acknowledged in the reports of the Silk Association. In all probability this was the most useful, if not the only useful, step ever taken by the Government in furtherance of the silk industry, for the record of the last one hundred and seventy years, since Lambe founded his silk-throwing works at Derby, is a record of failure and depression. It is a good example of the difficulties which environ the working of a protective tariff when the produce of one industry is the raw material of another. After a considerable amount of capital had been invested in silk-mills to make the Organzine, Singles, and Tram, it was thought necessary to protect these throwsting works by a heavy import duty on all thrown silk. Thus the raw material of the dyeing and weaving works was made expensive, and high duties or prohibition were consequently necessary for the manufactured silks; while an article so exportable as silk could easily be smuggled, and a vast amount was, as a fact, stealthily introduced from France.

If we only listen to the complaints of those croakers of to-day who call out for protection, the silk manufacture in England used to enjoy a halcyon life. But this is not history. The chronicle of the manufacture of British silk is a painful story of protracted struggle for bare existence. Of many efforts made to help the Spitalfields weavers, one is worthy of being recalled at the present juncture. The Act of 1773 left the price of the labour of weavers to be fixed by the Middlesex magistrates, and no master or workman was permitted to pay or to receive either more or less, no matter what might be the nature of the machinery employed. This, of course, stereotyped the old processes of Spitalfields, and much suffering and removal of trade to other parts of the country resulted. The Act was repealed in 1824, and has been a byword for many years; but, if we should substitute London County Council for Middlesex magistrates, we can imagine that a similar proposal, extended to all trades and fixing the number of hours of work, might even now meet with much support among the extreme Radicals of to-day.

Until the Cobden Treaty silks were protected in England. The protection was then suddenly withdrawn, and the industry, which, unlike cotton and wool, had not for many years undergone any improvement in design and execution, was left to languish to the very borders of extinction. The waste silk industry was created by Lister at Bradford, and has now attained proportions of a great importance. Recently, moreover, technical training has done much for silk proper, not less in design than in colour. The whole matter, however, as Mr. Wardle is always insisting, wants lifting into the sphere of methodical and scientific work; and it is this that the Silk Association may hope to effect. The great difficulty, however, is to get a name for English silks. They are now often sold as French. But there is no longer even a pretence for keeping up such a delusion. Decorative silks are now chiefly manufactured from the Indian or Tussore silks, and there is, therefore, every opportunity of securing the additional advantage of keeping the trade within the limits of the British Empire. Almost an unlimited supply of such silk can, without difficulty, be grown in our Indian Empire.

In all manufactures it is found by experience that the greatest profit is derived from that industry which is carried to the highest perfection. For instance, it pays better to send out from England printed goods than those only dyed, and bleached calico than unbleached. But this principle is nowhere better exemplified than in the case of silk, a material which lends itself to the very highest degree of perfection. There can be no limit assigned to the possible taste and skill displayed in dyeing, weaving, and printing, especially in the case of the patterned silks. In satins and mixed silks we have a great advantage over the French in having no Customs duties on cotton yarns. By this fortunate exemption, we obtain the materials for manufacture cheaper than they can. In colours the French have certainly had the advan-

tage in experience. Some students of this subject go further, and say in climate also and in water. But dyeing has of late been greatly improved in England, and no pains are spared by our more intelligent manufacturers. Even the wrappings of Egyptian mummies are now being analysed to discover, if possible, how it is that the colours have stood through thousands of years.

The woollen industry, which was in a distressed condition not a generation ago, has been hitherto more fortunate than silk. This is partly, no doubt, because woollen has had no foreign competitor so pre-eminent as the silk industry of France has proved, but mainly rather from the exertions made by all concerned in the English manufacture. A lady of our acquaintance, now in middle life, has preserved patterns of almost all the gowns she has worn from her first birthday frock downwards. These form an interesting and far from uninteresting little exhibition of the steady improvement in dress goods, woollens, cottons, and mixtures of all kinds; it is curious to contrast the hard, staring textures of thirty years ago with the sleek and subtle compositions of to-day. When Mr. Wardle tells us of the increase in technical and workshop education which is going on in the silk industry, we ask, Why should not a similar ascending plane of success be in store for silk?

It need hardly be said that there is no question of promoting the growth of silk in this country. As soon might a proposal be made to cultivate grapes in England for the manufacture of wines. But India has a practically inexhaustible supply of various varieties of excellent silk. Of these it has been proved that the Corah and Tussore silks lend themselves freely and admirably to artistic decoration at a moderate cost. What is now most wanted is improvement in reeling the silk from the cocoon. The methods of manipulation in India have not kept pace with those of the rest of the world, and the consequence is that the native silk is avoided by manufacturers on account of its want of thread regularity. "India," as Mr. Wardle said in 1887, "only wants the application of progressive operations, and the immediate adoption of whatever method the progress of science and mechanical art may bring, to keep pace with and to produce the better results of Europe." With a few silk missionaries much might be done. Silk is still more a domestic than a factory industry in India. The manufacturing statistics, just issued by the Government of India for 1888, show only 22,000 persons engaged in silk spinning works, and 12,000 weavers, the product of each of these industries in the year being respectively valued at four million and two million rupees. This would leave 12l. or 13l. a year for each worker in these industries, allowing nothing for interest on plant and cost of raw material. Probably more than half the product would go in the latter items, and the handsome total of about 6l. per annum is left for the support of the workers; since we notice in another recent publication of the Indian Government that wages in mills are often not more than one shilling a week for children, and three or four shillings for men. With labour so cheap as this, it would be a real boon for India to have a flourishing silk-reeling industry established to supply us with raw material for these beautiful fabrics. At present India does not even suffice for her own consumption of silk.

These remarks, which we believe to be not without importance as explanatory of the difficulties which the Silk Association has to face, have left us but little space in which to speak of the very attractive exhibition actually on view in Lady Egerton's ballroom. It is as representative a one as can be formed in the present condition of the British industry. It has been formed under the personal care and superintendence of a committee of noble ladies, of whom the Princess Mary of Teck is the President, and the introduction to the Catalogue, which gives some interesting facts in an agreeable form, is signed by the Countess of Lathom. Moreover, we are very glad to see among the names of the exhibitors almost all those who are in any degree distinguished as retail sellers of silk goods. Messrs. Joshua Wardle & Sons have sent from their famous factory at Leek skeins of dyed silks of an exquisite delicacy and variety, the colours of which have been matched to, and are here compared with, actual specimens of all the typical hues of precious stones. These alternated skeins and jewels form a most novel and attractive collection. One of the most entertaining sections of the exhibition consists of a series of wax models of ladies, illustrating various styles of costume. Lady Knutsford exhibits one such doll (102), dressed in a petticoat of white and green brocade, bodice and train of moss-green plush, and trimmed with apple-green ribbon, which is quite the "green thought in a green shade" of Marvell's poem. Equally beautiful is Lady Spencer's doll (112), with a train of magnificent red brocade. The scarlet and cream silk velvet curtain and chair (35), furnished by Messrs. Williamson & Sons, have been specially made for the Queen, and are the first of their kind ever made in England. Mr. William Morris exhibits some beautiful specimens of silk damask and embroidery.

THE THEATRES.

MRS. LANGTRY has succeeded since her arrival in England in demonstrating the fact that she possessed far more dramatic capacity than critics could detect in her early exhibitions; and so far her tenancy of the St. James's Theatre has

been well advised. She has not, however, produced an artistic entertainment. Her *Rosalind*, as we had the pleasure of pointing out, was distinguished by some excellent features; but the general representation of *As You Like It* lacked most of the chief essentials to success, and *Esther Sandraz* is in no respect a satisfactory play. An accession to the little band of popular dramatists is a rare event, and we are tempted to inquire once more whether writers, or managers, or playgoers are responsible for the lack of novelty. Could Mr. Sydney Grundy find nothing better to do than to adapt *La Femme de Glace*? and is there really no playwright with a drama ready superior to this adaptation when made? Not that we mean to say Mr. Grundy has done his work badly. Considering the materials that were at his command, he has turned out a fairly well-constructed piece, and much of his dialogue is of considerable literary merit; but the story is in reality a poor one. Painfulness we can forgive if it is redeemed by power; a plot may be what is termed unsympathetic and at the same time forcible; but *Esther Sandraz* offends both by her strength and her feebleness. She is inconsistent. The project of revenge she cherishes for a whole year is at best a contemptible one, and she is turned from it by a few words which would, we feel, have had no effect upon such a woman as she is represented to have been. We can well imagine an *Esther Sandraz* seeking and finding a means to revenge herself on a *Henri Vandelle* who has married her rival—though with no pretence of love for his wife; but the *Esther* would not have waited for a year and then entered his household under a false name, as companion to his wife, with the object of making mischief as opportunities arose. The play, moreover, is incomplete and episodic. It begins, as it were, at the second act. We ought to have been shown what claim *Esther* has on *Vandelle* before he tells her that, for reasons connected with the pocket and not with the heart, he is about to marry *Henriette*; and, furthermore, our interest should have been aroused in the attachment of *Henriette* and *Olivier Deschamps*. The play is long enough, it is true; additional acts would have made it tedious and unwieldy, for what is now set forth could not have been materially concentrated; but this proves nothing but that the story is ill suited for stage purposes.

Mrs. Langtry skillfully simulates furious indignation in the scene at the end of the first act, where *Esther* tears off the jewels *Vandelle* has given her in happier days, and flings them at his feet—an inversion, as the critics have, of course, not failed to point out, of the episode in which *Marguerite Gauthier* is insulted by her lover in M. Alexandre Dumas's book and play. Here the actress makes her mark, as she has done in the tenderness and abandon of her love for *Vandelle*; the more creditable to Mrs. Langtry as in Mr. Charles Sugden she is furnished with a lover of quite singular woodenness. Mr. Sugden is curiously like a speaking automaton either badly made or out of working order. The jerky gestures are always inappropriate, the tones have no suggestion of sincerity, he is frigid when he should glow; the *Esther* can impart no warmth to him. Her bitter and contemptuous speeches are delivered with due scorn when, later on, she has taken up her residence in *Vandelle's* house at *Montrejean*; but she does not make it quite clear to us whether or not any affection for her lover lingers in her heart; and his motives are utterly incomprehensible. He has no love for his wife; has written again and again declaring the continuance of his fervid passion for *Esther*, and his ardent desire to see her; when she comes, however, he tells her she must not remain, and would have driven her away had she not possessed the means of coercing him into consent in the shape of his letters. All this seems to us to have no meaning. If he cared for his wife, the presence of *Esther* would be a source of pain, the threat of showing these letters a cause of apprehension, and incidentally the play would be stronger; as things are, we doubt *Vandelle* having this chivalrous regard for his wife's feelings, and his actions can be traced to no other reason.

A grave defect in the play is that *Olivier* and *Henriette* have not been seen together till he, visiting his old friend *Vandelle*, finds himself face to face with the woman he still adores. If we had seen them previously as lovers, the meeting would be trebly effective; as it is, no concern can be felt in their fate. Such an interview should have been an episode of the act we miss. Most weak and improbable of all the play, however, is *Esther's* conversion. We know her passionate temper; we know, also, that she is persistent; for she has cherished her scheme of revenge—a poor one, but let that pass—for a whole year. *Henriette* has spoken contemptuously of *Esther*, not knowing that her "companion" was in the room, and, furthermore, utterly ignorant of the fact that this companion is *Esther* under a false name; and for this she makes an unnecessarily prolonged and deep apology, the effect of which is to change *Esther's* whole nature and make her abandon her purpose. Mrs. Langtry does not repent naturally, and we can detect no sensibility in her tones when she says "I am not used to kindness." We suspect that she feels the unreality of the situation. Miss Marion Lea, who did so excellently as *Andrey*, did not impress us as *Henriette Vandelle*. Her placidity was monotonous and insipid; we cannot believe that her combination of sermon and apology would have had the effect on *Esther* here represented. Let us admit, however, that Miss Lea is very sincere and carries out the author's meaning. The comic characters, conventionally drawn, are suitably filled by Mr. Everill, as *Fourcade*, the Mayor of *Montre-*

jean, who finds questionable attractions in Paris, and by Mrs. Calvert, as his unsuspecting wife.

An adaptation of *Theodora*, with Miss Grace Hawthorne in the character written by M. Sardou expressly for Mme. Bernhardt, has been threatened for many months and at length produced at the Princess's Theatre. Perhaps Miss Hawthorne is not aware upon how bold a step she is venturing, and the Princess's pit and gallery are, happily for her, not likely to be better informed. Even Mme. Bernhardt could not convince audiences that the play was a good one, though the compiler of the programme believes, or would endeavour to persuade others, that *Theodora* is "Sardou's masterpiece." M. Sardou has been writing for the stage since 1859, and his reputation certainly would not stand where it does had he produced nothing better than this melodrama. A certain glamour attaches to the doings of an Emperor, Empress, and Courtiers decked out in fine robes, and attended by "Officers, Lords-in-waiting, Ostiaries"—the Princess's pit will delight in the Ostiaries if only it can be ascertained what they are—"Scholars of the Emperor's Body Guard, Goths, Slaves, Servants, Eunuchs, Nubian Dancing Girls, Fan Bearers, Maids of Honour, Ladies in Waiting, and Incense Bearers"—a very royal train of functionaries beyond doubt. But all these people go a very little way towards the making of a masterpiece. The chief value of Miss Hawthorne's attempt is the proof it furnishes of the power of Mme. Bernhardt. The critics appear to agree that Miss Hawthorne's performance is better than could have been expected, but this depends of course upon the level to which these expectations have risen or sunk. The lady has about the average capacity for representing heroines of melodrama, but of finesse and subtlety she has none. She is very energetic, but energy is not dramatic power, though Mr. Leonard Boyne, the Andreas of the adaptation, agrees with the *Theodora* in supposing that it is. There is a sale for coarsely executed oleographs of fine pictures, and there may be audiences for Miss Hawthorne's attempt to follow in the footsteps of Mme. Bernhardt. It will scarcely attract readers to the theatre if we say that some of the dresses are very fine.

At the Haymarket during the week a short new piece and two popular one-act plays were given. The first mentioned is written, in blank verse, by Miss C. Graves, and deals with the death of Rachel, after whom it is called. We wish the lady had employed her talent on a more agreeable subject, for she writes very commendable verse, smooth and fluent, and not without happy ideas. The doctor's ponderous watch, "whose ticking seemed the very voice of Time," strikes us as good, for instance. But, though there must be some people who like to be harrowed—or the late Mr. Holl would not have painted coffins year after year—the taste is not general. We hear Rachel lamenting, and see her struggling against her growing weakness, till we long for a gleam of something bright, and then she opens an envelope in which a letter from her doctor has been placed by mistake. It is to a colleague, telling him that the great actress is doomed, and the shock is fatal to her as she endeavours to ascend some steps at the back of the apartment. Miss Laura Villiers, who speaks her lines with excellent discretion, dies in very striking fashion, rolling over and over down the steps and along the ground. *The Ballad Monger* is happily not likely to disappear from the Haymarket repertory while Mr. Beerbohm Tree wants a part in which he cannot fail to impress. The popularity of the adaptation was unmistakably demonstrated, Mrs. Tree and Mr. Brookfield, as Loyse and Louis XI., aiding the Gringoire with their accustomed skill. Mr. Gilbert's *Comedy and Tragedy* was the third piece given, and afforded Miss Julia Neilson an opportunity of distinguishing herself, which she did not fail to take. Few more effective parts than that of Clarice have ever been compressed into such slight limits, and each phase Miss Neilson realized with remarkable artistic sensibility. The dignity and contempt with which Clarice, while affecting humility, describes the estimation in which players are held, early in the little drama proved her grasp of the character. She permits her sister to believe that the supper-party to which she has invited the *roué* Duc d'Orleans is what it seems to be, and not what it is—a trap to force the Regent to fight her husband, who longs to avenge the insults offered to his wife—and there is genuine art in Miss Neilson's manner of conveying to the audience, as yet uninstructed, that something lies behind, without suffering her sister to suspect the truth. Another good stroke is her reception of the courtiers who visit her in attendance on the Regent—strangely silent men, by the way, for they say nothing, or next to nothing, in answer to her welcome. It is with an effort that she conceals her nervousness, but they would not detect the effort, though the audience does. The improvised description of the actor with which she entertains her guests while the duel is being fought in the garden behind the room shows Miss Neilson as a very clever comedian. Her gesture is easy and expressive, and the change of manner as she introduces the different personages excellent in its variety. There was force, moreover, in her frenzied appeal to her visitors to stop the fight, though here on this occasion the lady was a little carried away by the torrent and tempest of her passion. Mr. Fred Terry was very successful as D'Aulnay, and Mr. Lewis Waller moderately so as the Duc.

EDWIN WAUGH.

IT is said that, as a nation, we are somewhat deficient in popular appreciation of literature. The funeral of Mr. Edwin Waugh, on Saturday last at Manchester—attended, as it was, by thousands of representatives of every class and grade of society—shows that Lancashire at least knows how to render the last honours to the man who worthily represented the characteristic poetic gift of the county. Dialect-writing, whether in prose or verse, has never quite had fair play in England; for whilst many Englishmen will take the necessary trouble to understand the dialect of Robert Burns and of the minor deities of Scottish Olympus, they refuse, as a rule, to take the same pains for writers in the popular speech of their own countrymen. Hence the Englishman who writes in a dialect deliberately restricts his audience, and has little chance of finding acceptance beyond the limit of his own county, and often not very much even in his native district, owing to the survival of the error dear to the indolent and the half-educated, that all words and phrases not used in their daily newspaper are "low" and "vulgar." Two men only in recent times can be said in any conspicuous degree to have conquered this prejudice, and we pity the pedant who would fail to recognize in William Barnes and Edwin Waugh two genuine poets who found respectively in the dialects of Dorsetshire and Lancashire the fitting and appropriate mode for the expression of the best that was in them.

Waugh had the advantage of appealing to a large population who were familiar with his dialect, even when not habitual speakers of it. The folk-speech of Lancashire has not yet been entirely supplanted by the book English of the elementary schools, though it must be confessed that, if not obsolete, it is obsolescent. But it is more than thirty years since Waugh wrote "Come whoam to the childer an' me," and straightway found himself famous. It was published in a Manchester newspaper, and so little did he anticipate its reception that it was with some difficulty that he consented to its issue as a leaflet. The success was instantaneous and enormous. The Lancashire people at once accepted it as a characteristic picture. The melody was perfect, the humour kindly; and, whilst far removed from Puritanism, there was in it a sensible recognition of the homely virtues and the pure and simple human affections by which alone society escapes from putrefaction. The subject of the poem is a wife appealing to her husband to leave the public-house—an incident common enough in Lancashire, and elsewhere. It may be thought that it is not a promising topic for poetic treatment, and in the hands of an inferior workman it would certainly have been a failure; but Waugh showed himself a literary artist of consummate skill and unbounded patience. By small and delicate touches the cottage home is vividly brought before us—the clean hearthstone, the preparations for supper, the visit of the cobbler with the husband's new shoes, the putting to bed of the children, when little Sally wants to be kissed by her father as well as by her mother, whilst Dick is even more reluctant to go:—

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him upstairs;
Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,
He said, when he're saying his prayers,
Then he looked i' my face, an' he said,
"Has th' boggarts taen howd o' my dad?"
An' he cried till his een were quite red;
He likes thee some weel does yon lad!

Then, after her budget of homely gossip is exhausted, the wife indulges in no reproaches, but confesses the emptiness of her comfortable nest when her mate is absent:—

Mon, aw'm one-ty when theaw artn't theer.

The husband to whom she appeals is no sot; he is neither a teetotaller nor a drunkard, but an average "Lancashire lad" who has been to the fair, without forgetting either his mate or his little birds in the nest, for each of whom he has a gift:—

God bless tho', my lass; aw'll go whoam,
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' round;
Thae knows, that wherever aw roam,
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd ground;
Aw' con do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
Aw' con do wi' a bit of a spree;
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
Except wi' yon childer and thee.

This was the first of a long series of sketches of Lancashire life, both in prose and verse, in all of which the same qualities were manifest. Their fidelity was self-evident. In his prose-writing the humorous element alternates with powerful descriptions of landscape scenery. Lancashire is a county of great towns, but there are still wide stretches in it of unspoiled nature, breezy moorlands, high hills, and deep "cloughs" with "rindling brooks" and nestling flowers. Waugh was a native of Rochdale, and, as a child, had a favourite "coign of vantage" on the low roof of a house near the churchyard-gate, whence he could survey the wide landscape bounded by the wild hills that surround the town. Born in poverty, and owing his education solely to the determination of an excellent mother, who struggled hard for her children, and working his way upwards, there was no variety of Lancashire scenery, no variety of Lancashire character, no section of Lancashire society, with which Waugh was unacquainted. He drew from the life and to the life; but, though he did not conceal their foibles, there was no malice in his picture, and he did justice to the strength and to the deep affections that

lie beneath the reticent and sometimes rough exterior of the Lancashire nature. His *Home-Life of the Factory-Folk during the Cotton Famine* is a volume worth a ton of official reports, and, indeed, has in it such pathetic touches that many Lancashire men and women, not lightly given to the melting mood, who remember how the looms stood idle and the cottage fires went out in the dark days of the War of the Secession, cannot read it even now without strong emotion, although the sorrowful memory of the suffering and privation is mingled with pride at the heroic fashion in which it was endured, and the generous manner in which it was relieved by the practical and substantial sympathy of the British people.

Waugh wrote other than dialect poems, and some of his English verse has great merit, but his claim to remembrance rests upon what he did as the "Laureate of Lancashire." The excellence of his work was recognized long ago by the *Saturday Review*. Waugh was fortunate in securing the verdict both of the critics and of the people. His Lancashire songs have literally had millions of readers. They were sung in the street and in the workshop; in the school and in the drawing-room. And this is well, for whilst there is not a grain of cant in them, they are cleanly in thought and expression, and teach a cheerful philosophy of life. His ditties have sweetened the bitter lot of some; have given pleasure to many; have provoked wholesome laughter and honest tears; and have strengthened the love of home and its homely virtues among the Lancashire folk. What more shall we ask from a poet or people? And what higher praise can we give him?

MONEY MATTERS.

THROUGHOUT the week rates of interest and discount have been advancing somewhat. During the first couple of days there was a very strong demand for gold for Paris, and although the Paris exchange upon London has since risen, it is not improbable that a considerable amount may be taken when the funding loan is brought out. There is also a demand for other quarters, and the loan of four millions which Messrs. Baring Brothers are about to make the Argentine Government no doubt is contracted for the express purpose of obtaining the metal. After a sharp fall in the premium on gold at Buenos Ayres there was again on Wednesday a very considerable rise. And the reports from all parts of the Argentine Republic describe the situation as extremely critical. Gold will consequently have to be obtained in considerable amounts. Therefore the bill-brokers and discount-houses have not been willing to take bills as cheaply as last week. The rate of interest has been affected chiefly by repayments that had to be made by the outside market to the Bank of England. It will be recollected that last week the borrowings from the Bank amounted to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ million. Colonial and Indian loans had also to be subscribed for, and various other payments had to be made. In consequence, the rate of interest for a week rose at one time to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Very properly, therefore, the Directors of the Bank of England decided on Thursday to keep their rate of discount at 3 per cent.

The price of silver fell at one time this week to 46d. per ounce; but on Thursday it rose again to 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and the tendency is still upwards. The Indian banks are not buying, as they have during the past few weeks purchased India Council Bills and Transfers on such a very large scale, and the buying on American account has for the time being ceased. Apparently the inability of the Senate Committee to come to an agreement respecting the Bill that is to be introduced is discouraging speculators in the United States. It was their purchases chiefly which lately ran up the price to 48d. per ounce, and as soon as they stopped buying the price fell away. The discussion of the Bill has now begun in the Senate, and if there is a prospect of carrying it through quickly, speculative buying will no doubt recommence, and there will be another sharp advance.

The new Indian loan brought out on Thursday, though not quite as successful as Stock Exchange speculators anticipated, was really a great success. The amount offered for subscription was 5,400,000*l.*, the rate of interest 3 per cent., and the minimum price fixed 98*l.* The applications amounted to as much as 11,634,000*l.* The loan, that is to say, was covered more than twice, and the average price obtained was 99*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.*, or 1*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* more than the minimum fixed. Practically, that is to say, the average price was almost par. India, therefore, is able to borrow in London at the present time at 3 per cent., or, to put the matter a little differently, the credit of India is apparently very nearly as good as that of the United Kingdom. On the preceding Tuesday the Ceylon Government attempted to borrow 450,000*l.* at 3 per cent., fixing the minimum price at 93*l.*; which would have given just about $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the money invested. As the old Ceylons can be bought to yield about $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., investors were not attracted, and only about 300,000*l.* therefore of the loan was subscribed.

The feeling on the Stock Exchange continues very sanguine, but there has been less business this week. The chief activity has been in international securities. The impression is very general that when the Silver Bill is passed by Congress gold will be exported in considerable amounts from the United States, that this will prevent an early recurrence of the monetary stringency of

the past autumn and winter, and will enable the metal to be sent in the requisite amounts to Buenos Ayres without inconvenience to Europe; consequently, that it will permit of prices in Europe being maintained at a higher level. Besides the quietness with which the labour demonstrations passed off have inspired confidence, and the general satisfaction given by the German Emperor's speech has strengthened the influences tending to support markets. At the same time, the continued fall in industrial securities in Germany is once more diverting speculation into foreign Government bonds, and in Paris preparations are being made for the coming funding loan, and for the renewal of the privileges of the Bank of France. Lastly, the French Government has at length assented to the Egyptian Conversion. The Domain and Daira loans are to be converted, as well as the Preference Debt. But they are not to be combined in one large stock, as would be the proper course. Each loan is to remain separate, the interest in the case of the Preference and Domain being reduced from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent., and the existing administrations both of the Domain and the Daira lands are to be retained. On no other conditions would the French Government give its consent. The operation will effect a saving of about a quarter of a million sterling, but it is unfortunate that the Domain and the Daira administrations cannot be abolished. They are costly and inefficient. Besides, if the Egyptian Government got possession of the lands, it would be able to exchange those lands for the pensions it is now bound to pay, and would thereby effect a considerable saving. However, the assent of the French Government to the Conversion has combined with all the other influences to strengthen markets. The Sultan also has withdrawn his opposition to the Conversion of the Turkish Priority Bonds. On Thursday, however, the resignation of the Sub-Governor of the Crédit Foncier depressed the market. Further, while most other international securities have advanced, there was on Wednesday a sharp reaction in Argentine securities, the premium on gold having again considerably advanced. It is announced, however, that Messrs. Baring Brothers have contracted with the Argentine Government for a loan of four millions sterling, and it is evident that everything practicable is to be done to postpone as long as possible a more serious crisis.

In the American market the expectation continues that we shall witness a further and prolonged rise. But in London the disposition is to secure the profits which the advance that has already taken place gives to speculators. London, therefore, has been selling in New York throughout the week, and the sales were largely increased on Wednesday, in consequence of an unfounded report that the discussion of the Silver Bill in Congress was postponed for three weeks. There was, therefore, a sharp decline. The truth is that most of the great London operators were surprised by the suddenness and magnitude of the rise that has taken place. They had not, therefore, bought sufficiently, and they had been looking for a reaction, in order to share in the general movement. It would seem, too, that many operators in New York were not sorry to see a reaction. At all events, the sales by London arbitrage houses caused a decline in New York as well as in London on Wednesday. The belief in the market, however, is that there will be an early recovery, and that business will increase in volume. The decision of the House of Lords in favour of the Chatham and Dover Company in the long litigation between that Company and the South-Eastern caused a sharp rise in Chatham stocks in the early part of the week and a decline in the South-Eastern stocks. But generally the home railway market has been less firm and less active than last week. Consols have been very firm, India rupee paper after further declining has recovered somewhat, and in other departments there have been no movements of special importance.

The Board of Trade Returns for April were not issued until Thursday of this week—that is, fully a day late. They are satisfactory, showing that trade is once more steadily improving. True, there is a falling off of 1,575,000*l.* in the value of the imports for the month, or somewhat over 4 per cent. For the first four months of the year the falling off in the imports exceeds 2 per cent. In the early part of the year, however, the falling off was marked in the raw materials of manufactures. Last month the raw materials of manufactures increased both in value and in quantity. The falling off was almost entirely in articles of food and drink duty free, especially sugar, wheat, barley, oats, beans, rice, and potatoes. The increase last month in raw materials of manufactures is especially satisfactory, as it gives ground for the belief that manufacturers are once more looking forward to the future with confidence. The value of the exports increased nearly 710,000*l.*, or over $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for the month. For the first four months of the year the increase is somewhat over $2\frac{3}{4}$ millions, or very nearly $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The fall in iron seems to have stimulated foreign purchases of metals and articles manufactured therefrom, and machinery and mill-work. Iron, wrought and unwrought, shows an increase for the month in value, though there is a small decrease in quantity. Even now, great as has been the fall in price, the price is higher than it was in April of last year. In coal, likewise, there is a decrease in quantity, but a very considerable increase in value.

REVIEWS.

CELTIC AND ENGLISH TALES.*

TO compare the stories in the two volumes before us is a curious study in the history of peoples. The Argyllshire tales published by the Folklore Society were collected and translated by the Rev. D. MacInnes, at the suggestion apparently of Lord Archibald Campbell. They are accompanied by an erudite essay and notes by Mr. Alfred Nutt. Mr. Hartland's little volume of English tales is compiled from chap-books, from *Notes and Queries*, the *Folklore Journal*, Mr. Hunt's too literary *Popular Romances of the West of England*, from Miss Burne's Shropshire collections, and other sources. In Argyllshire Mr. MacInnes found his tales living in the mouths of old men, chiefly dwellers in Oban. The English tales are not from oral tradition of to-day. Their editor distinguishes between nursery or fairy tales—*Märchen*, which have usually no local habitations named, and in which the characters are anonymous, on one side, and on the other Sagas, in which the adventures are said to occur in definite places, while the heroes are named, and perhaps are historical persons. He maintains that "not a single *Märchen* is found in Wales," and accounts for this by the sternness of Non-conformity. But Wales has many *Märchen*; Professor Rhys has published some in *Cymmrodorion*. They may be attached to definite places, lakes, and hills; but this is a mere accident; they seem more interesting if they are located near home. The distinction here between saga and *Märchen* is a distinction almost without a difference. Nor have *Märchen* entirely disappeared in England from the mouths of the country people. Two or three have recently appeared in *Longman's Magazine*, and more, we understand, are to be published. In Scotland they are much more common, in non-Gaelic Scotland we mean, though occasionally, as in Galloway, a local colour has been given. For example, the myth of Hesione and the Monster is located at the great tumulus beside the church in St. John's town of Dalry. Still, it is in Ireland and in Gaelic Scotland that this ancient form of popular entertainment remains most lively. Mr. MacInnes finds that the cottage gatherings, in which the tailor told the ancient legends as he worked, exist no longer, except in corners of the Hebridean isles. We think the practice is not so nearly extinct. From a boatman on Loch Awe we lately heard a world of curious legends; and according to his account the people, quite recently, would sit up half the night terrifying each other with stories till they were afraid to go to bed. One of his anecdotes was the traditional form of Scott's *Glen Finlas*. Of *Märchen*, properly speaking, he took little count; ghosts, witches, vampires, and old adventures were his staple. Meanwhile Mr. Curtin's pleasant little book of Irish *Märchen*, lately reviewed in these columns, proves that the tradition is vivacious in Ireland. Thus in Scotland and Ireland the rural classes have a source of poetic enjoyment which the English seem to have lost very long ago, or almost lost, receiving in exchange the chap-book versions of Perrault.

Mr. Nutt's notes and essay endeavour to discriminate between what is purely popular in Gaelic tales and the other element, which is a reminiscence of ancient Erse literature. The two factors blend almost inextricably. There are two kinds of "Fenian tradition" in Ireland and Scotland. What remains in *verse* is partly of literary origin, "fragmentary remains of a literature preserved in Ireland in more perfect form." The *prose* stories are common to both countries. Compare, for example, Mr. MacInnes's "King of Albainne" with Mr. Curtin's "Gruagach Gaire." The Irish tale is by far the better. Mr. Nutt does not think that, in such an example as this, one set of tales is derived from the other, nor is either derived from a form that had already assumed a fixed literary shape. In both these *Märchen* the central task is to discover why somebody has left off laughing. In the Irish case it is the Gruagach Gaire who has been sobered; in the Argyllshire version it is the King of Albainne. People who try to find out, and fail, have their heads stuck up on stakes, as in Borneo. In both cases the laughterless one is in the sad position of King Phineus with the harpies. The rôle of the harpies is taken by a mischievous magical hare. We are inclined to fancy that the Greek and Celtic legends have a far-off common source. But the Irish tale is, beyond all comparison, better, stranger, fresher, and more entertaining than "A King of Albainne." Probably it is older, has suffered less from prosaic and incompetent narrators.

Without analysing Mr. Nutt's whole theory of the development of the Fenian saga, one may observe that it has been euhemerized, given a pseudo-historical colouring. Thus Mr. Nutt is almost indubitably right when he contends that the Vikings of the saga, the Loch-Lannach, have been credited with older exploits, adventures of a fairy folk, "other world" people, who survive in the purely popular traditions. The learned medieval Irish turned these mystic beings into Norsemen. The identification was as baseless as the tenth century's theories of a Trojan origin of the Irish. "The tales of Finn and his fellow-warriors are Gaelic variants of tales common to all Aryans, indeed to the great majority of all human races." As for the

Picts, we are inclined to fancy that they, too, are a fairy-folk. There is a Scotch tale of the old Pict who, on his deathbed, asked to be shown a strong man's arm. They handed him an iron bar; he snapped it, and said, "A gey bit gristle, but naething to the banes o' my time." The modern Greeks have the same story of the fabled Drakos. In the Highland tales, as printed by Mr. MacInnes, we may probably recognize, then, old popular and traditional Gaelic shapes of stories also current in Samoa, Finland, Greece, and Japan. They contain some local names, and names of national heroes. Bits of poetical formulae, introduced to give the memory a rest, are probably relics of more purely literary compositions on themes which were themselves originally popular. So much we may discern without going into Mr. Nutt's very interesting, but difficult, discussion of the strata and the chronology of Fenian saga.

In his notes on separate stories, Mr. Nutt confines himself mainly to Celtic variants. The first story, the "Son of the King of Eirinn," is a version of the most widespread of all *Märchen*, the kernel of the Jason and Medea legend. A lad comes to the house of a king, giant, or monster, is set tasks, is helped by the daughter of his host, flees in her company, and throws trifling objects behind which become hills, forests, seas. He escapes, but is severed from his bride by a magical oblivion, as in the Sigurd and Brynhild saga, usually consequent on breaking a taboo. They are reunited, and the false substituted bride is generally punished.

In the Gaelic the story begins with the drops of blood over the raven's feathers, which suggest search for a beautiful dark woman. A more frequent opening is the dedication of a child to a monster. In Mr. MacInnes's version the luck of the hero is demonstrated in an unusual manner. The smith cannot make the eye of the needle till he enters the smithy. The "King of the Great World," answering to the God of the Samoan and the Giant of the Lowland Scots tale, has three daughters; this is also unusual. The thatching of the barn by birds corresponds to the Greek myth of how the first fane at Delphi was built. A fish is cleaned in place of the Samoan recovery of the ring. The magical incidents of the flight are found in Japanese myths of flight from Hades. The Gaelic story has *lacuna*, and is not well narrated. Campbell of Islay's versions are much more poetic in manner than these; "The Two Young Gentlemen" is as bald as prose can be, and, as Mr. Nutt remarks, *Robinson Crusoe* has affected "The Ship that went to America." In short, these variants are decrepit and dying; the narrators half remember and half forget. But the episode of Polyphemus in "Koisha Kayn" (p. 267) has not become so modernized as in the chap-book form, "The Black Thief," in the *Hibernian Tales*. Mr. Nutt very properly protests that modern touches or mediæval touches supply no argument against the remote antiquity of the tales as a whole. The theory that *Märchen* are comparatively modern does not need refutation. They are inevitably modernized in the course of narration. For example, Lod's wages, which the King boggles at (p. 284), are modern, but the tale is as old as Cruachan. Mr. Nutt illustrates the *Märchen* throughout by parallels from ancient Irish literary myths. How archaic is the touch where Cuchulaind sucks the wound he has inflicted by misadventure on the woman who loves him—"I shall not wed thee, for I have sucked thy blood." Here is Exogamy; people of kindred blood may not marry.

Mr. MacInnes has printed the Gaelic opposite the English, and his editorial duties have been excellently fulfilled. Both he and Mr. Hartland, in his handy collection of English tales, reject the solar and elemental theory of the origin of stories. Except that they are world-wide, and that the Gaelic fancy has given them a very peculiar, poetic, and unmistakable shape and colour, we can arrive at no safe conclusion on the subject. The Celtic volume is a most valuable addition to scientific materials, but the tales are not so amusing as Mr. Curtin's Irish collection. On the other hand, Mr. Nutt's notes are decidedly the best that have ever been written on this branch of mythology.

NOVELS.*

"HUGH WESTBURY" has somehow the air of a pseudonym—nothing is more difficult than to give to a *nom de guerre* the semblance of reality—but, feigned name or not, Hugh Westbury has written one of the best historical novels since *The Last of the Barons* and *The Last Days of Pompeii*. With the exception of Scott, and still more of Dumas, writers in

* *Acti*. By Hugh Westbury. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley.
Till the Great Asize. By Vere Clavering. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Lady Faint Heart. By H. B. M. Watson. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

The Conspirator. By Count Paul P. Edited by Frank Harkut. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The Captain of the "Polestar"; and other Tales. By A. Conan Doyle. London: Longmans & Co.

A Far-away Melody; and other Stories. By M. E. Wilkins. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

The Great Dorémi. By C. J. Wills. London: Gardner & Co.

For So Little. By Helen Davis. London: Sonnenschein & Co.

Who is the Man? By James Selwyn Tait. London: Chapman & Hall.

* *Folk and Hero Tales of Argyllshire*. By D. MacInnes and A. Nutt. London: Folklore Society. 1890.

English Folk and Fairy Tales. By E. S. Hartland. London: W. Scott. 1890.

this branch of literature are apt to be very ponderous; and the more conscientious and accurate they are, the more solemn do they become. Even such books as *Uarda*, *The Egyptian Princess*, or *The Masters of the World* are read for the sake of the period or the archæology rather than for the characters, who, even when historical, convey a sense of effort, and are not very life-like, according to our notions. In *Acté*, however, there is a real humour—not merely elaborate jesting after the supposed manner of the times, which surely never could have amused anybody. A Jewess and her father excepted, the *dramatis personæ* all played their parts in the lurid tragedy of the reign of Nero, when speeches were apt to come to abrupt conclusions, and exits and entrances to be a little uncertain. Mr. Hugh Westbury has seized in almost a remarkable way on the leading features of that strange time and the attitude of the ancient world towards various questions of morality. Most writers, in describing the position of the Greek *Acté* in the palace of the Emperor, would have treated her either in the lax and voluptuous French manner, or have adopted the sterner tone of English moralists. Mr. Westbury does neither. He knows that the place she occupied was held by the Romans to be a perfectly legitimate one, and that, as long as she did her best to curb the cruel passions of the Emperor, *Acté* herself had no misgivings on the score of virtue. Another person who is admirably touched off is Seneca: Seneca, with all his dignity, kindness, weakness, and ineradicable tendency to prose; and nothing can be funnier than the trick that Nero has, when unusually mad or drunk, of quoting or parodying his old and, on the whole, revered tutor's most applicable maxims. Besides these two, there are other figures who of necessity hold a foremost place in any history of the reign of Nero—Poppæa, Tigellinus, Burrhus, and even Titus, who, as a young soldier, has a position of trust in the palace. Nero's confidence in him as being faithful and disinterested is proof against the plots hatched by his wife and his boon companion, and Titus, though declining to take part in the mad orgies and practical jokes in which *Cæsar* delighted, had a kind of gratitude and affection for his master. It is rather a pity that Mr. Westbury went out of his way to introduce St. Paul, or indeed any but real Romans, into his story. Hints of the persecution of the Christians would have been quite enough, and though St. Paul is brought on the scene in order to quote his own Epistles and to convert *Acté*, her conversion, if necessary, could have been accomplished by some other means. Judith, too, the beloved of Titus, is nothing but a bore, as Jews invariably are in novels, for they are quite incapable of talking on any subject but their religion, and it is to be feared that Judith's death, in a finely described scene at the Circus, will be hailed by most readers as a relief. Jewesses (in novels) have no tact or sense of humour, and Judith, in an unlucky moment, suggested to Titus that he should be a proselyte. His astonishment and contempt were about equal to Pilate's. "What," he exclaimed, "I become a Jew, and forswear pig, and worship the jackass at Jerusalem!" He was in love with Judith, but he was a Roman too, and it "never occurred to him that a Hebrew had any right to be grieved or angered by jests upon the fabled jackass." Mr. Westbury has shown himself to possess restraint and a sense of proportion. He has known how far to go in many directions, and never wears his readers. He has written a very interesting book now, and we shall look forward some day to hearing of him again.

The good qualities which abound in *Acté* are wholly lacking in *Till the Great Assize*, a cumbersome name which has nothing to do with the story. Gladys Mervyn is induced by Wilfred Ackroyd to marry him secretly in order that he may gain what money she possesses. Too late, however, he finds that it is only if she has no children that she can control the principal, and he begins to ill-treat her accordingly. She has no friends except one Basil Glendyne, who wished to marry her, and his sister Nina. The whole three volumes are taken up with the record of the squalid life led by Ackroyd, his shifts to get money, his flight from the country, and then his death. This, by the way, was owing to a very singular accident. A boat, supported on some timbers stuck in a quicksand, was being floated off by some French sailors and suddenly fell on its side in the sand, knocking over Ackroyd, who was standing near. It was impossible to dig him out, and the tide came up and drowned him. Thus his wife was free to marry her old suitor, which in due time she does. The story is long, dull, and unnatural, and is marked by frequent absurdities, as well as by ignorant allusions. Gladys Ackroyd is shocked at her husband's suggestion that she should go to church when her "mother has been dead only a little over a month" (vol. i. p. 139), and all the gentlemen consider him a brute for not having his wife's fire lighted when she has been caught in a thunderstorm in July. In vol. ii. p. 197 we are told that Glendyne's love for Gladys resembled that of Saul and Jonathan, while a few pages further on we hear that Master Noel Ackroyd was "a very Frankenstein," the author confounding in the usual way the creator with the created. Besides this, the men are most careful never to omit the "Mr." in speaking of each other, for all the world as if they were Scotch students. Two specimens of style will serve to show that the book has no literary merit to redeem it. The first is taken from vol. i. p. 97:—

Whenever practicable, Hester Garth would suppress Gladys' letters home, because, though it irritated her mother not to hear from her daughter, Hester Garth found from experience that it was perfectly safe to do so, seeing that, when they met later on, Mrs. Mervyn failed to re-

member the fact, and, of course, Gladys had no suspicion of the element that was at work to injure her in her mother's eyes.

The second is from p. 153:—

Captain Ackroyd's sharp eyes had noted the glance and the rush of colour which suffused Gladys Ackroyd's face on first meeting her old lover—for he was well aware Basil Glendyne had set his heart on winning Gladys for his wife, and that in such a light he must regard him—but even he was bound to allow that this meeting was the result of pure accident only, and, in spite of his prejudices and inclinations to the contrary, Wilfred Ackroyd felt irresistibly drawn into being civil and pleasant towards Basil Glendyne, so much so, indeed, that, on Basil and Lady Glendyne leaving on their return to the Court for luncheon, Wilfred Ackroyd readily agreed to escort his wife and Miss Glendyne over for tea later in the afternoon, and do himself the pleasure of making Sir Everard's acquaintance.

Lady Faint Heart is prefaced by a kind of allegory in which the style of Bunyan often falls away into very modern English, telling how a damsel, after facing various trials and monsters, turns back at the sight of the lions, and retraces her footsteps all the way. It is not very easy to discover in what respects Millicent Hetherdene, the *Lady Faint Heart* in question, resembled the heroine of the allegory, for it was not so much cowardice that forced Millicent to give up her philanthropical ideas as the fact that she found them unpractical. This, at least, is the manner in which we have understood the author's meaning, unless, indeed, he means the interpretation to be that, after soaring to vast heights in the regions of Agnosticism, Millicent finds her wings fail her, and has to take refuge in the common philosophy of living from day to day. As usual, whatever creed or no creed people may profess, it breaks down under the stress of finding either that their parents were not married, or that their children will have to enter the world heavily handicapped by illegitimacy; and so it was with Millicent. Not even Godwin's self-complacency could stand that, and the discovery of her illegitimacy crushes Millicent completely. The book is full of characters which are too much described to be graphic, and there is a curious want of knowledge of the world and lack of literary faculty observable throughout the book. The author positively supposes that a pamphlet called "How To Think," full of such observations as "Sincerity is the One Essential," "Every action should have a rational antecedent," would make a great noise in the world, and have become the topic of conversation at every dinner-table. Millicent is a painfully earnest young person, and, not content with her pamphlet, indulges in long discussions on faith, political economy, or philanthropy, and gives a lecture on botany to the poor of the parish. We fear Mr. Watson will never make a novelist, for he cannot contrive to get his readers to believe in his characters, or take any interest in their *faits et gestes*, but it is quite possible that he may become a leading scientific man, or even a philanthropist.

It is wonderful that anybody should take the trouble to write tales about conspiracies, for of all subjects they are the very dullest. The details must unavoidably bear a great family likeness to each other in most cases, and though it may be necessary to read about certain plots which are matters of history, no human being can wish to do so purely for amusement. But of all the plots and revolutionary schemes which form the subjects of novels, those concerning Poland are the most hackneyed and the most tedious. For one thing, we all know the end, so there is not even the element of uncertainty to excite us. *The Conspirator* is no whit behind its fellows in point of tedium, and it is impossible to feel any sympathy with the gentlemen implicated. The hero, one Alexei Wassilievitch, is, to say the least, very inconsistent. He lays a deep plot to entice some Russian spies out into the Lake of Geneva, in order to shoot them; yet, when his enemies' boat is upset by chance, he risks his life to save theirs. Then he, a man of high moral character, consents to forge and pass bank-notes for the good of his cause; next, he, a Russian noble by birth, marries the sister of a Jewish old-clothes' man; finally, he buries 700,000*l.* worth of gold on his estate, which is to be applied to the furthering of new revolts, and uses the surplus to carry out a preposterous scheme concocted by himself and a friend for kidnapping the Czar at his Crimean home, and bearing him (in a palatial steamer) through his own dominions, in order that with his own eyes he might be convinced of the misery of his subjects. The tragic ending to all this visionary plan is only what might have been expected. It is a great pity the writer should not turn his attention to other lines of literature which can command a wider public. A book of this kind neither interests as history nor entertains as a novel, and though it is quite certain Poland has many wrongs, readers of Russian history will be aware of many occasions in the history of the two countries when she inflicted equal miseries on every part of Russia within her reach.

Mr. Conan Doyle has obtained a firm hold on the public by his tale of *Micah Clarke*, and the short stories bound up under the title of *The Captain of the "Polestar"* have mostly been read with interest in the magazines. Many of them are concerned with the sea, and nearly all have an element of the mysterious. They are, however, too slight to be really satisfactory. It is very easy to allude to horrors if no explanation as to their peculiar nature is ever given; and the reader lays down the story of the young lady whose pre-matrimonial disclosures drive her three lovers to a life of dissipation with a feeling of disappointed curiosity. *The Captain of the "Polestar"* itself is too much occupied with leading up to the catastrophe, and too little with the catastrophe when it comes, to make the impression

intended. Perhaps the best is "The Ring of Thoth," where an Egyptian of the reign of Thothmes is found by a modern traveller in the Louvre eagerly seeking for the precious ring which will neutralize the effects of an elixir of life once swallowed, and allow him to join his mummified lady love, dead more than 3,000 years before. Mr. Conan Doyle's strength lies in describing stirring events and situations which have a practical outcome, and not in meddling with questions touching the spirit world. If he is a wise man, he will recognize his own limitations, which, after all, is the only way of producing really good work.

A Far-away Melody, and its predecessor by the same author, called *A Humble Romance*, are original and characteristic little tales of low life in America. They are naturally not in the least like Bret Harte's wild stories, yet they share with them the quality of finding something beautiful in the most unpromising materials. It does not do to read them straight on, for they are all pretty much on the same lines; but a few here and there, when one wants distraction, will give nothing but pleasure, and many of them have a humour of their own. Perhaps the heroines rather too invariably reach the age of sixty before the widowed mother who has separated two fond hearts withdraws her opposition, and the heroine a little too frequently makes the first advances towards reconciliation; but this is so new a development in American literature that the fault may readily be forgiven. In the present little volume the best stories are "A Mistaken Charity," in which two very poor old sisters are persuaded against their wills to enter a comfortable sort of Home, and never rest till they run away from it; and "An Object of Love," which tells how a little dress-maker gave up meeting and her hold on religion and life generally, because of the loss of her cat, and of her return to the path of duty and self-respect when the missing Willy returns again. One laughs and one is touched both at once. These stories are true, in the widest sense of the word, and travellers especially owe Mr. David Douglas a debt of gratitude for placing them in their hands.

The Great Dorémi is a more readable shilling's-worth than many which are flooding the market just now. It treats of an invention which is greatly to be desired, being nothing less than the placing of a mechanical apparatus in the mouth, by which a phenomenal voice of great depth and power could be produced. To be sure, the ingenious inventor could only bestow bass notes on the lucky man chosen for his mouthpiece, but the extension to tenors and sopranos would but be a question of time. The dénouement was, of course, inevitable; but the story of Pisani's misfortunes, leading up to the catastrophe, might have been better contrived.

Surely no servants in respectable houses ever spoke in the extraordinary way in which their conversation is described by Miss Davis? Though perhaps it is hypercritical to notice this fact, as, if they were not extraordinary, they would be wholly out of harmony with their masters and mistresses. Miss Davis has attempted to write a sensational novel, without in the least knowing how to do it. She wishes to mislead as to the guilt of her villain; but up to the last the reader cannot tell if Maher was in love with his wife while he was poisoning her, or with Beatrice North, her companion, and whether the sobs which shook him even when alone, at the thought of her death, was, like the fox's smell, "all part of his slyness." There is a very strange will, some curious insurance business, an amazing trial in which a witness is invited to repeat a conversation which somebody else is alleged to have held with the prisoner, and endless talk about nurses and doctors, and Mrs. Maher's "situation." The story is vulgar, and slangy, and dull; and if it is in any way a picture of the "best" Australian society, we should all be thankful that our lots were cast on this side of the Equator.

Who is the Man? opens with the account of an impromptu bull-fight in California; but Mr. Tait's hand loses all its cunning when it proceeds to describe life on the Scottish Border. He insists on the fact of the brilliance, and polish, and experience of society of the farmers in that romantic district; but the conversations he relates do not bear out his assertion, and his notions of a trial are about as elementary as those of Miss Davis. Witnesses turn up from the most unexpected and distant quarters, and give their evidence in a colloquial manner—saying, "Well, Judge," at every turn. The story of the murders, and the panic of the respectable town, is, of course, drawn from recent events; but Whitechapel, unlike Greenholm, was not so lucky as to have a troop of soldiers quartered in it to allow it to sleep in peace. A man must be very hard up indeed before he can read such stuff as this.

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

MR. CANDLER'S introduction consists of a long and somewhat tedious discussion of the reasons why his views on the causation of phthisis have not received as much credence

as he thinks they deserve. He defends his position as an etiologist, though admittedly deficient in biological knowledge, by quoting from an address delivered by Professor Newton to the Biological Section of the British Medical Association at Manchester in September 1888, from which quotation we give the following extract:—"I have for a long while maintained that, as a matter of fact, what is known as the Darwinian theory did not, except in one small point, require a naturalist—and much less such naturalists as Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace—to think it out and establish its truth . . . that the demonstration might have been perfectly well made by any reflective person who was aided by that small amount of information as to the condition of things around him which is presumably possessed by everybody of common-sense." We need hardly say that we entirely disagree with the opinion here expressed, and are convinced that none but a master in the science of natural history could have worked out the theory of physical evolution. The author's theory of the pathology of measles appears to be that the spores of various kinds of "straw fungi" are inhaled, pass into the blood, and there develop into bacteria—in fact, that the *materies morbi* of measles is not a true species of the vegetable kingdom, but a stage in the development of certain fungi. If this be granted, it almost necessarily follows that the disease is not directly contagious, as the poison must be absorbed in the form of spores, not of bacteria. Mr. Candler accepts this inference, and a considerable portion of his book is occupied in endeavouring to show that it is not infectious in the usually accepted meaning of the word. Hence, if direct infection or contagion can be shown to be the usual means by which the disease is spread, the author's theory of its etiology falls to the ground. We think that the evidence on this point is overwhelming. As an illustration, we may mention a case which occurred in recent experience. A young lady came to town, and was for a short time in the same room with a child immediately after her arrival. She had a cold in the head, which was then supposed to be of an ordinary character; but the next day the rash of measles appeared upon her. The child was at once removed to another house, and in exactly ten days (the period of incubation of measles) the premonitory symptoms appeared in him, followed, on the fourth day, by the characteristic rash. Such cases could be multiplied indefinitely by appealing to the experience of those engaged in general practice. It should have been mentioned that the houses to and from which the child was moved were large, well lighted and ventilated, without straw mattresses, and irreproachable with regard to cleanliness. We had always looked upon the epidemic of measles in Fiji as affording important testimony to its extreme contagiousness; but Mr. Candler would draw from it an argument on the other side, "on account of the rapidity with which the disease spread"; but surely the distribution of the poison by the breath of the affected would act much more rapidly in diffusing the disease than the roundabout method described by the author. If we understand him rightly, he thinks that the bacteria would have to be got rid of by the secretions (principally the intestinal), develop into fungi, and then form spores, which again must be inhaled in enormous numbers in order to produce an attack. The author does not explain why the fungi should flourish so wonderfully in one place for a short time, and then suddenly die out. The comparison which the author makes of measles with hay-fever is utterly misleading, there being no analogy whatever between the two. The former is a constitutional affection of definite duration, always accompanied by elevation of body temperature, and a characteristic rash; the latter is a local irritation of the mucous membranes by the spores of certain grasses, remains as long as the patient is exposed to an atmosphere laden with such spores, and is seldom attended by rash or raised temperature. The only direct proofs brought forward in support of Mr. Candler's opinion as to the nature of the poison of measles are the very incomplete and inconclusive experiments of Salisbury and Hallier. Whether, at the present time, the disease ever originates *de novo* is a question which our want of knowledge does not permit us to answer decidedly.

Dr. Humphry's interesting work on old age contains the analysis of returns made in answer to certain questions sent to the members of the British Medical Association by the "Collective Investigation Committee." They have reference to seventy-four centenarians and about eight hundred persons between the ages of eighty and a hundred. These numbers are sufficiently large to warrant the induction of some general conclusions. The requisite conditions for the production of longevity seem to be much what any man of good common sense would expect. The first, and perhaps most important, is a good start—i.e. a good family history from the health point of view. One who begins life with the germs of premature decay already present in his organism is hardly likely to withstand the buffets of the world for a lengthened period. The means for attaining long life which, unlike the above, are greatly within the control of the individual may be summarized in the words "temperance in all things"—namely, in work, in play, in eating, in drinking, and in sleeping. Neither vegetarianism, nor teetotalism, nor, indeed, any other "ism," appears to give any special advantage in prolonging life. The author, in his general remarks on old age, points out that it is a speciality of civilized humanity; for among the lower animals and many savage races of men any feebleness, whether arising from sickness or disense, speedily takes away all chance in the stern struggle for existence and

* *The Prevention of Measles.* By C. Candler. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Old Age. By George Murray Humphry, M.D., F.R.S. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.

Food in Health and Disease. By I. Burney Yeo, M.D., F.R.C.P. London: Cassell & Co., Lim.

The Pulse. By W. H. Broadbent, M.D. London: Cassell & Co., Lim.

The Year-Book of Treatment for 1890. London: Cassell & Co., Lim.

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dooms the sufferer to a quickly coming death. We have hitherto been in the habit of looking upon certain degenerative changes, such as cataract and atheroma of the arteries, as almost normal in old people; but we are glad to find that Dr. Humphry's researches do not bear out this idea, and we cannot do better than conclude this notice by quoting his description of what the physical condition should be in healthy old age:—

The main features in the downward, or senile, developmental process are a diminution of material and a diminution of force; and I apprehend that, in the normal state, it should be simply this—such a diminution, with perhaps a slight addition to the amount of oily matter naturally existing in the tissues; and that the other changes and degenerations that are incidental to age are no part of, but rather to be regarded as deviations from, or morbid departures from, the natural phenomena.

Not only the physician, but every man and woman should be acquainted with the first principles of dietetics. Such knowledge may be satisfactorily acquired by the perusal of such a book as Dr. I. Burney Yeo's. What to eat, drink, and avoid in order to maintain good health is generally learnt by a long and painful experience, and, by the time that wisdom in these matters is gained, there is but too often no health left to be preserved. *Food in Health and Disease* is a good résumé of what is known on the subject of practical dietetics. The various foods and drinks are described, as also the proper methods of cooking the former and preparing the latter. The proportions which different kinds of food should bear to one another under different circumstances and at different ages, and the order and frequency of taking meals, are laid down. In the twelfth chapter the author considers the relative advantages of animal and vegetable food, and, like most sensible men, concludes that a diet containing both kinds in due proportion is the most rational one. The second part of the book, treating of the diet of the sick, is, of course, more technical in character and not adapted for any but the student of medicine, who will find, in this portion of the work, trustworthy guidance as to the dieting of invalids.

Feeling the pulse is a portion of the examination of a patient which is rarely omitted by the physician; in fact, such an omission would be very apt to be looked upon by the patient as a sign of incompetence. Yet we fear that too often this is a mere matter of ceremonial routine, and that little information in aid of diagnosis is gathered from it. The readers of Dr. Broadbent's little book will learn how to render the state of the pulse an important guide in forming an opinion as to the patient's condition—that is, if they bring to bear upon its examination an educated touch and trained powers of observation. The following graceful tribute which the author pays to the memory of the late Dr. Francis Sibson might well be taken as a description of his own character as a clinical worker:—"His patient investigation and re-investigation of every point, experimental or clinical, his unwearied efforts for the attainment of minute accuracy, his complete subordination of theory and preconceived opinion to observation, were a lesson to me then, and have remained impressed on my mind ever since as an example which has had a determining influence on my thought and work."

The *Year-Book of Treatment* is now so widely known and appreciated as to render comment upon it by us almost unnecessary. It is a great boon to the busy practitioner. In a little more than three hundred pages is contained a summary of all the important advances in medicine, surgery, and therapeutics which have taken place during the past year, as well as in the more special subjects of ophthalmic, dermal, and aural surgery. The present volume equals its predecessors in the knowledge and care displayed by the authors of the various articles.

JEAN BELLEGAMBE.*

FIFTY years ago no portion of art history had gone into more absolute forgetfulness than that which concerns the remarkable set of painters who flourished in the chief cities of the Low Countries during the fifteenth and the first part of the sixteenth centuries. If this state of things is now greatly changed, the fact is due to the patient labours of a few persevering men. M. Pinchart ransacked the archives of Brussels, and M. Wauters devoted himself to similar investigations. Mr. James Weale spent years amongst the archives of Bruges and neighbouring towns. The result of their studies was to bring some order into the chaos which reigned before them. Every Flemish picture is no longer vaguely attributed to Van Eyck or Hemling; but the individual styles of several important painters have now been recognized; their works have been catalogued with approximate correctness; and the outlines, at any rate, of their biographies have been recovered from the utter oblivion into which they had fallen. Not only the brothers Van Eyck, but Petrus Cristus, Roger van der Weyden, Hugo van der Goes, Dirk Bouts, Hans Memling, Gerard David, and several others are now more or less visible to the historian's eye as recognizable individuals. To them may be added Jean Bellegambe, of Douai, whose biography has recently been written by another student of archives, Monseigneur Dehaisnes, of Lille, to whom lovers of art are already indebted for his *History of Art in Flanders* before the fifteenth century.

The industry of the cities of the Low Countries, at the time

with which we are concerned, was, as every one knows, ordered and directed by the local guilds. Every city of any consequence had its guild of painters, and no painter (unless in the direct service of the Court) was allowed to work in a town unless he were a member of the painters' guild of that town. The result of this organization was to produce a local art school in every place rich enough to support one; and, though these schools influenced one another very intimately, each, nevertheless, retained some distinctive quality or characteristic of style, whereby the provenance of a given picture can generally be detected by a practised eye. Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, Louvain (cities of North Flanders and Brabant) were the chief art-centres at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Minor schools, headed by excellent artists, flourished in other cities and provinces. At Valenciennes worked Simon Marmion, painter (probably) of the St. Bertin altar-piece, of which a panel or two have recently found their way from the South Kensington Museum into the National Gallery, the chief panels being at the Hague. Jean Prévost was active at Mons, and a fine "Last Judgment" by him still exists in the Museum at Bruges. Lille could boast a Jean Pillot, Tournai a Robert Campin (master of Roger van der Weyden) and a Philippe Truffin, whilst cities like Cambrai and Arras were likewise active art-centres. Unfortunately the ancient cathedrals and wealthier churches and abbeys, in which most of the works of these artists were preserved, have been destroyed. Only the cathedral of Tournai still stands as example of what its fellows were like. Of the noble abbeys of Anchin, Flines, Marchiennes, St. Vaast, and the rest, not one stone remains upon another. Douai must likewise be reckoned amongst the artistic manufacturing towns, and the painter Jean Bellegambe, the subject of the present study, was her greatest artist. Already, in 1431, Douai had her painters' guild, under the protection of which a local school arose. It was, therefore, possible for a promising lad to learn the craft of painting within the walls of the town, and doubtless Bellegambe did so.

The Bellegambe family had existed in Douai since the middle of the fourteenth century, and the last representative of it only died out within the memory of man. It affords another of the numerous examples, that might be quoted from the archives of every mediæval town, of a peasant family which, in a few generations, rose to a position of wealth and distinction during the middle ages. Gilles Bellegambe, in 1359, was a poor man living in the neighbourhood of Douai. His eldest son moved into the town and became one of the town-watchmen. His will proves that he made money. His son Pierre became a tradesman of good position, and was related by marriage to two families which produced distinguished painters. Then came Georges Bellegambe, a prosperous person who added considerably to the family wealth, and left money and houses. Jean, the painter, was son of Georges by his first wife, and must have been born about 1470. How he was educated we do not know. Before 1504 he married Marguerite Lemaire, daughter of an oil merchant. He was a well-to-do man, and is early and often recorded as making good investments. In 1506 he bought a house called the "Canon d'Or," in a good situation, and to it he made considerable additions. The house still stands at Douai—No. 7 Rue St. Pierre. Jean lived in it from 1506 till his death. His son Martin was likewise a painter. His daughters made good marriages, and were liberally treated by their father. His wife was attached to him, and there is every indication that he lived in happy domestic surroundings. He died about 1534.

Archives and existing pictures enable us to form no inconsiderable catalogue of Jean Bellegambe's work. His earliest known picture may be the fine "Last Judgment" in the Berlin Museum (641), in which the influence of Memling is much more apparent than in any of his other works. Next comes the triptych in the Lille Museum, which was painted for Charles Coguain, Abbot of Anchin (1511-1547), before June 1506; its subject is a somewhat uncommon one—"The Mystic Bath of Souls in the Blood of Christ." Between 1510 and 1512 Bellegambe was employed to decorate with gilding and pictures the fine rood-screen of St. Anne's at Douai, the carved woodwork of which had been in part furnished by his father. In 1511-12 he painted decorative pictures for the shrine of St. Hubert in the Abbey-church of Flines, and about the same time he painted a St. Margaret for the same convent. A pupil of his, one Jaquet d'Anvers, was employed in 1512 to illuminate an *Antiphonarium* now preserved in the Douai Library. Jacques Coëne, Abbot of Marchiennes (1501-42), employed Jean in 1515 to paint the triptych of the Holy Trinity, which is in the Douai Gallery. Another triptych of the same subject is in the gallery at Lyons, and was painted by him about this time for Pierre Oculi, Canon of Cambrai. In the same year, and again in 1519, he was employed by the authorities of Cambrai Cathedral to decorate the tabernacle containing the famous Madonna, reputed to have been painted by St. Luke. In 1516 we find Bellegambe employed, as five years later Dürer was employed at Antwerp, to design embroideries for a vestment. In the same year the town authorities commissioned him to paint a Madonna and other decorations over one of the city gates, the Porte Morel; whilst in 1517, and again in 1523, they employed him to decorate and gild the face and hand of the belfry clock. While he was thus occupied he had likewise on his hands the greatest work of his life, the double-winged altar-piece upon which his fame chiefly rests. Its central panel bears a representation of the Holy Trinity.

* *La vie et l'œuvre de Jean Bellegambe*. Par Mgr. C. Dehaisnes. Lille, 1890.

It was originally painted for Charles Coguin, Abbot of Anchin. After being dismembered and running various risks at the time of the French Revolution, it was fortunately rescued, and now adorns the sacristy of Notre-Dame at Douai. Its various panels contain no less than 254 figures. The St. Maurice altar-piece, which is lost, was painted about the same time and for the same patron. A portrait of this Abbot by Bellegambe exists at Paris, in the possession of M. Jules Gréan. Like Michelangelo by Julius II., Bellegambe was employed by the Douai Municipality in 1520 (the year of his father's death) to design a uniform for the town guards; and on different occasions it is recorded that he was appealed to by the aldermen for advice in artistic matters. Between the years 1521 and 1526 he painted a triptych of the "Immaculate Conception," the side panels of which remain in the Douai Museum. A small picture of the same subject and by our artist is in the Locoge Collection at Douai. For Charles V. he made, in 1524, a map of the environs of Douai, as Pourbus made of Bruges. Between 1525 and 1528 he painted the lost altar-piece for S. Maurant's Chapel in the Church of St. Anne at Douai. The two fine altar-pieces by Bellegambe, now in the left transept of Arras Cathedral, must be amongst his latest works, and may be dated about 1530; they were made for Martin Asset, Abbot of St. Vaast (1508-37). In 1533 our artist painted a "Death and Miracles of S. Dominic" for the Douai Dominicans; but the picture seems to have been burnt in a fire in 1785. A "Virgin and Child" by him, of uncertain date and *provenance*, is in the Brussels Museum (47). When Jean Bellegambe died he left, at any rate, one unfinished picture. This his widow in her will decreed should be completed and set up by the grave of herself and her husband in the Church of St. Pierre at Douai.

From the foregoing brief statement of facts it will be seen how much lost art history can be recovered by patient research. As short a time ago as the year 1862 the very name of Bellegambe was forgotten, and not one picture was anywhere even ascribed to him. Henceforward he takes his place amongst the leading artists of his time and country.

LITERÆ CANTUARIENSES.—III.*

ALTHOUGH during the period covered by these Letters, which extend from 1375 to 1536, the history of the Convent of Christ Church is not marked by any critical events, this third and concluding volume of the *Letter Books* contains much miscellaneous matter of no small interest. It presents us with only a few notices of public affairs. In a letter, written in 1398 from his retreat "in Paradiso terrestri prope Florenciam," Archbishop Arundel tells the monks that his exile will probably be over sooner than his enemies expect; and in another, after his return, relates how narrowly he escaped from the rebel lords who seized Windsor on the 4th of January, 1400. He declares that his nephew, the Earl of Kent, was foremost in the attempt to surprise him; and speaks with evident satisfaction of the Earl's death at the hands of the "sancta rusticitas" at Cirencester. Several documents refer to the hostilities with the Hanses during the reign of Henry IV.; in the first of them a certain Hermann Wernerson complains that his ship had been captured by English sailors off the Isle of Wight, and that, though a Court of arbitrators had decided that it must be restored to him, the people of Sandwich, where it lay, had maliciously damaged it beyond repair. On the other side, we have lists of the losses sustained by the merchants of Newcastle, Hull, and other ports, whose goods were seized at Stralsund; while merchandise to the value of 340*l.*, belonging to some citizens of York, was taken out of a Dutch ship in the Sound by Dantzic seamen. Copies of the two pardons offered to the followers of Jack Cade are preserved in the letter-books, the first describes the rebel leader as "quidam Johannes Mortymer"; the second, which is in English, and was published after his death, as "oon John Cade born." Among his other iniquities, the English pardon sets forth how he, "beyng at Derteford, in the chambre that he was logged ynnere up the Devell in semblance of a blak dogge." The only other document referring to the general history of the kingdom is a copy of the speech of the Chancellor Thomas Rotherham, then Bishop of Lincoln and afterwards Archbishop of York, to the Commons in Parliament in 1474, asking for a grant towards the King's meditated invasion of France. The Chancellor maintained that the invasion would be politic, because it would tend to restore order at home by giving employment to the multitude of riotous people "sprudde over all and every coste of the reame," and because it would prevent a French invasion of England, which would be "more ferefull, more chargeable, requyryng far greater nombre of people than any arme to be sette outwards." The King, he said, would not put "his lands in the jeopardie that Rome stood in by the coming of Hanyball out of Cartage," but would act as Scipio did when he "went to Cartage and victoriously behad him there." Edward scarcely acted up to the parallel.

Among the records of the ordinary business of the monastery are many notices of its Irish estates, which seem to have cost

more trouble than they were worth. They lay on the coast of Wexford, about Bannow Bay, and had been given to the convent by Hervey de Mont-Maurice, the uncle of Earl Richard of Striguil. Of this Hervey Giraldu Cambrensis says much evil; but, as he became a monk of Christ Church and a benefactor to the convent, Gervase, the Canterbury historian, gives, Dr. Sheppard tells us, a more favourable account of him. We have looked out the reference appended to this assertion, and are unable to see that Gervase gives any character at all of him, save such as may be inferred from the statement that he and his nephew "terram spatiosam simul et speciosam, sed cultore vacuum, ceperunt prædari, et homines simplices et seminudos depopulari." We may remark further that, when an editor in this series has occasion to refer to an author already included in it, he should invariably refer to the edition in the series. In this case, for example, Dr. Sheppard should have referred us to the excellent edition of Gervase by Bishop Stubbs, and not, as he does, to the cumbrous *Decem Scriptores* of Sir Roger Twysden. The Convent made over their Irish property for a premium and a fixed yearly rent to the Abbey of Tintern in Wexford, a daughter of the more famous Cistercian house in the diocese of Llandaff, and found the greatest difficulty in getting even a small portion of the rent. A selection from a mass of deeds founding colleges and chantries includes a Bull of Boniface IX. sanctioning Archbishop Courtenay's project for his college at Maidstone for a Master and twenty-four chaplains and clerks. By a deed dated 1392 the Chapter, having then a college of their own at Oxford, convey to the monks of Westminster their share in the house maintained by the Benedictines in Stockwell Street, now Worcester Street and part of Walton Street. The benefactions of Dr. Chandler, Warden of New College, to Canterbury College are gratefully acknowledged in a letter which promises that his name shall be commemorated in the divine service of the college and in the daily grace. A quaint letter from a student of the college, who in 1500 left unexpectedly to take an office in the monastery, contains directions to a friend about forwarding his goods. As far as material prosperity is concerned, the great period in the history of the Convent seems to have been the time of Prior Chillenden from 1390 to 1411, when the monastery acquired a large number of ornaments and restored many of the buildings on its estates. Under 1435 we have an interesting agreement in virtue of which the Chapter engaged Richard Beek to be their master-mason for the term of his life, promising to pay him four shillings a week besides a house, fuel, and clothing, so long as he should be able to work, and a pension when he should "nat mowe have powere to be stere hymself, but for to lye stille in hys bedde." Beek's reputation was great, for a few years later the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London requested the Chapter that they might have his opinion on the state of London Bridge. In 1415 a pilgrim, named Wytfred, appeared at Canterbury, claiming to be descended from one of the kinsfolk of St. Thomas, who were banished during the Archbishop's exile; his claim was admitted, and a letter of confraternity was granted for him, his wife, and his children. Dr. Sheppard calls attention in his Introduction to the documents relating to the wine of St. Thomas, granted to the monastery by Louis VII., a subject which he has thoroughly worked out. A more pleasing side of the relations of the Convent with foreign lands is illustrated by the correspondence between the Prior and the Abbot of St. Bertin's on the conclusion of the Treaty of Troyes. The Prior writes that the estates of St. Bertin in Kent are safe and the deeds securely deposited in his monastery, and both Prior and Abbot recount the losses which their convents have sustained by death, and each asks the other's prayers for his departed brethren. It is strange to find in the midst of such records as those which we have been noticing a short love-letter of 1480, headed "Innominatus ad Margaretam," and a part of Margaret's answer to her "trysty and well-belovyd frynd." By special grace Dr. Sheppard has been allowed to bring his volume down to a date later than the limit fixed for the works published in this series. He has, therefore, been enabled to include in it the curious letters of Dr. Grig and others respecting the application made by the Chapter to Leo X. for a grant of the usual pardons for the Jubilee of St. Thomas, which they proposed to hold in 1520. Grig left no means untried to obtain the pardons, following the Pope now to Maryan (Magliana?), and now to Rome, and sending for six silver goblets as a present for the Cardinal "Sancti iiii" and for a gold cup for the Pope, besides ingratiating himself with "the Pop ys suster, the whyche knowyth hys nature." However, all was of no use, for Leo would not grant the pardons unless he was allowed to go halves with the Convent in the profits of the Jubilee. So the festival was not held, and long before another fifty years had passed the most famous of our English saints was declared by the King to have been a rebel and a traitor. A number of documents collected elsewhere, which illustrate the main contents of the work, will be found in the appendix. Among them are some letters referring to the proposed canonization of Archbishop Robert Winchelsea, and the correspondence between Henry VIII. and Archbishop Warham concerning the prerogative of the Church of Canterbury in matters of probate. Dr. Sheppard's volumes form a valuable addition to the Rolls Series; his editorial work has been performed carefully, his text appears satisfactory, and his introductions are well considered and useful.

* *Literæ Cantuarienses: the Letter-Books of the Monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury.* Edited by J. Brigstocke Sheppard, LL.D. Vol. III. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1889.

LORD DALHOUSIE.*

AMONG many alarming symptoms of popular ignorance and rashness as regards questions of Indian administration, it is encouraging to observe a steady growth of a rational and thoughtful literature on the subject. There is, accordingly, we may venture to hope—despite occasional exhibitions of puerility in the House of Commons—a growing class of readers who realize the grave importance of Indian questions, and who know enough about them to be convinced that their decision cannot be safely entrusted to shallow empiricism, or the haphazard impressions of amateur statesmen. To no one is the credit for the improved condition of public intelligence more due than to Sir William Hunter. From the beginning of his career as an Indian Civilian he has devoted a rare literary faculty to the task of enlightening his countrymen on the subject of England's greatest dependency. Many years ago the picturesque vividness of his *Rural Bengal* touched the note which has sounded through all his subsequent works—a profound sense that India, properly understood, is a practically inexhaustible field to the student, the historian, the politician, the man of action, the man of science. This wholesome doctrine he has enforced with a diligence, versatility, and organizing faculty which have resulted in an invaluable addition to our knowledge of the vast and interesting problem with which Englishmen are confronted as the rulers of British India. The *Statistical Account of Bengal* and the *Imperial Gazetteer of India* are admirable specimens of concentrated effort on the part of many minds, guided and influenced by a leading spirit, to investigate and explain a subject, the vastness and variety of which would defy the diligence of any single worker. By inspiring a small army of fellow-labourers with his own spirit, by inducing them to conform to his own method, and shaping a huge agglomeration of facts into a lucid and intelligible system, Sir W. Hunter has brought India and its innumerable interests within the pale of achievable knowledge, and has given definite shape to the truths which its history establishes and the problems which it suggests. In the admirable little manual entitled *A Brief History of the Indian People* he has placed within sight of every schoolboy in England one of those bird's-eye views of an enormous and complicated topic which, while it can be obtained only by perfect familiarity with every part, involves, besides, the wide range of thought, the comprehensive grasp, and the co-ordinating faculty which are the rare prerogative of the philosophic historian. Such contributions to literature are apt to be taken as matters of course, because their highest merit is to conceal the labour, and skill, and knowledge involved in their production; but they raise the whole level of public intelligence, and generate an atmosphere in which the baleful influences of folly, ignorance, prejudice, and presumption dwindle and disappear.

In his latest undertaking Sir W. Hunter has reverted to the system of literary collaboration, organized on definite and perspicuous lines, which he has utilized to so much advantage on former occasions. Under the title of "Rulers of India" he proposes to combine a series of short histories contributed by various writers, the object of which will be to portray "the salient outlines and turning-points in the evolution of the Indian Empire in a carefully-planned sequence of historical retrospects. Each volume will take a conspicuous epoch in the making of India, and, under the name of its principal personage, will set forth the problems of government which confronted him, the work which he achieved, and the influences which he left behind." The series begins with Asoka, under whose name Professor Rhys Davids will present a comprehensive view of the political organization of ancient India. The rise of the Moghul Empire will be described under Akbar; its decay under Aurunzebe. The biographies of Lord Clive, Duplex, Warren Hastings, Cornwallis, Runjeet Singh, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Lord William Bentinck, will each illustrate one of the various stages through which the Company's commercial privileges developed gradually into the India which Lord Dalhousie shaped to his own magnificent idea. Under Lord Clyde the story of the suppression of the Mutiny will be told, while the Lives of Lord Canning and Lord Mayo will bring the series to a close with the transfer of the powers of the East India Company to the Crown, and the consolidation of the Queen's rule under a Viceregal régime. Sir W. Hunter now heads the list with a name which, in any assemblage of Englishmen however distinguished, must always have a special interest and pathos of its own—the Marquess of Dalhousie.

When in January 1848 Lord Hardinge handed over the Government of India to his successor he believed the prospects of peace to be assured. So far as human foresight could predict, it would not, he said, "be necessary to fire a gun for seven years to come." Many circumstances conspired to favour Lord Hardinge's view of the position. The Sikh army had been defeated, and, to a large extent, disbanded; a portion of the Panjab had been annexed; a protectorate had been established in the rest. The British force was overwhelming; a powerful army guarded the line of the Sutlej; a standing camp held Lahore; another well-equipped armament at Peshawar was ready at a moment's notice to crush the first effort at resistance. Yet Lord Hardinge, had he been able to look below the surface, might have known that his term of

office marked the close of a system which had for years been obsolete, and was rapidly becoming impossible. Since the beginning of the century Lord Wellesley's policy of bringing native States into subordinate relations with the British Government and defending them, as the price of their subordination, alike against external invasion and internal revolt, so long as they remained loyal to ourselves, had been producing results which were becoming more and more every year an outrage on civilization. The Indian princes, relieved from the wholesome necessity of conciliating the good will of their subjects, sank to a uniform level of profligacy, extravagance, and violence. On several noticeable occasions the hopeless corruption and incapacity of some royal debauchee, and the intolerable oppressions of his luckless subjects, had stirred the indignation of the paramount Power, sternly looking on at iniquities which its intervention rendered possible. It was becoming daily more apparent that the British Government, when it prevented rebellion, was bound to counteract the evils for which rebellions are the most effectual cure. In the Panjab, though the surface was calm, the death of Runjeet Singh had left a state of things which could at best be regarded as a hazardous experiment, and which, as a fact, completely failed. A foreign protectorate, an infant prince, an intriguing and vindictive Queen-mother, acting through an unscrupulous paramour—a ruined aristocracy, a disbanded and humiliated army—how could any one seriously hope that an unstable equilibrium, liable to destruction by so many opposing forces, could be long preserved? Lord Dalhousie found himself almost immediately with an insurgent province, a mutinous native army, and a difficult siege upon his hands. The victory of Goojerat ended a campaign which had not been without its anxieties, and involved a more difficult problem than the conquest of a province—namely, its reorganization. It was, no doubt, to the admirable skill with which this process was carried out that the speedy pacification of the Panjab was due. Lord Dalhousie's policy was somewhat strenuously resisted at the time by Sir H. Lawrence; but there can now be little doubt that, if either the province had not been annexed, or if its fusion with the rest of the Empire had been less complete, the important part which it played during the siege of Delhi as "the saviour province of the Empire" could never have been realized.

We must not attempt to follow Sir W. Hunter in his graphic account of Lord Dalhousie's other military annexation—that of Lower Burmah—and of the admirable sagacity with which its conqueror framed for the newly-won province an administrative system specially adapted to its requirements.

Valuable as these additions to the Empire have proved, the policy of conquest does not, perhaps, involve such delicate problems or give play to such rare gifts of statesmanship as Lord Dalhousie brought to bear upon the difficult questions which he was called to solve with reference to the supersession of native princedoms or their lapse on failure of natural heirs. Numerous instances occurred during his term of office in which, either from the cup of some effete sovereign's iniquities having overflowed, the British Government exercised its right of deposition as paramount Power, or, in the absence of natural heirs or a duly acknowledged adoption, allowed a State to lapse into the Imperial territory. No one, we think, who fairly studies Sir W. Hunter's exact and lucid narrative of these transactions can question the result which he seeks to establish—namely, that Lord Dalhousie merely carried out with moderation and skill a policy deliberately adopted by the Government before his arrival in the country—a policy the strict legality of which cannot be disputed, and which was inspired by the growing sense that sovereigns exist, not for their own enjoyment, but for the happiness of their subjects. The question of adoption has ceased to be of practical interest, owing to the announcement of another and more generous rule on the subject subsequent to the Mutiny; but it is only just to Lord Dalhousie's memory that his part in these transactions should be accurately stated, and that with regard to the most important of them—the annexation of Oudh—it should be remembered that the measure was adopted by the Home Government in opposition to his personal advice.

In the task of consolidating and organizing a vast and novel fabric of empire, Lord Dalhousie showed a fertility of resource, an originality of design, an untiring enthusiasm, that gave to his term of office a glory peculiar to itself. The invention of what is known as the "Non-Regulation" system enabled him to bring his own vehement personality to bear upon communities too rugged or too recently conquered to admit of the ordinary course of law. It was a bold design, and nobly carried out by its courageous inventor. Equally remarkable were the strategic alterations which Lord Dalhousie considered essential to meet the newly-adjusted balance of power in India. The story of the magnificent railway programme foreshadowed by Lord Dalhousie, and now approaching accomplishment, is familiar, but none the less pleasant to Englishmen for its familiarity. The same is the case with the other industrial enterprises—canals, roads, post-offices, telegraphs, colleges, and schools—an imposing array of measures with which the indefatigable Governor-General, his physical powers daily waning to a lower ebb, transformed India into a civilized and progressive State. The extraordinary success of subsequent achievement in these directions is but the realization of an ideal which he first conceived, and first, at any rate, brought within the scope of practical endeavour. Not least among Lord Dalhousie's claims to the highest order of statesmanship is a portion of his work which, unhappily for his

* The Marquess of Dalhousie. By Sir W. W. Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. Oxford: the Clarendon Press.

country and mankind, was destined never to pass beyond the stage of suggestion. Read in the lurid light of subsequent events, Lord Dalhousie's warnings to the home Government on the dangerous disproportion between the English and native forces in India seem like the utterances of an inspired seer, who, while all around is still serene, is haunted by an instinctive sense of coming calamity. Since 1838, when it numbered 154,000 men, the native army had grown with perilous rapidity, until, towards the close of Lord Dalhousie's rule, its numbers stood at 233,000. The Governor-General devised several measures to minimize the preponderance of this enormous array. One was a better distribution of the regiments, with a view to avoid the aggregation of troops of the same nationality, creed, and temperament; another was the creation of Ghurka regiments, the gallant hill-tribesmen of Nepal having but little sympathy with the sepoys of Oudh and Bengal; a third measure was the raising of an irregular force in the Panjab, with a separate system and discipline of its own, and under the immediate command of the Governor-General—a measure which eventually contributed in no small degree to the salvation of the Empire; the fourth measure—never, unhappily, realized—was an increase of the European army and the abandonment of the system of depleting regiments and draining away troops from India to meet emergencies elsewhere. A grudging use had been made of the powers conceded by Parliament in 1853 to raise the local European force from 12,000 to 20,000 men; and, in spite of Lord Dalhousie's protest, two European infantry regiments were removed under the pressure of the Crimean War. When, three years later, the Mutiny broke out, these had not been replaced, and five or six more of the 33 battalions which the Governor-General declared to be the minimum compatible with safety, were absent on service in Persia. Meanwhile nothing had been done to carry out Lord Dalhousie's proposals for a reduction of the native force. At the last meeting of the Council, February 28, 1856, the departing ruler of India laid on the table nine minutes, each of which dealt with some branch of the military reforms which he considered essential to the future safety of the country. The general result of these documents was that material additions should be made to the European force; that the European invalid companies should be utilized by stationing them at some strategic position of importance; that several native regiments should be disbanded; that the Bengal Infantry regiments should be reduced by 200 men, thus lessening their total by 15,000; that the Bengal native cavalry should undergo a corresponding reduction; that the Ghurka and Panjab irregular forces should be strengthened by an addition of 3,200 men, and that the numbers of the European officers with native regiments should be increased. These proposals, urged by Lord Dalhousie in terms of solemn earnestness, fell, unhappily, on unheeding ears. "I cannot find," wrote Sir C. Jackson in 1865, "that any further attention was paid to these minutes either at home or in India." Yet, it is hardly rash to say that, had they been carried out, either no Mutiny would have occurred, or, if it had, it could never have held its own with the stubborn tenacity that taxed the whole military energies of the English nation to overcome it. Tremendous sacrifices, heroic personal devotion, thousands of gallant lives, profuse expenditure, a period of intense anxiety, during which the very existence of the British Raj seemed to hang on the fortunes of the little force which had flung itself with desperate audacity upon the rebel centre—such was the price we paid for the wanton neglect of a sage counsellor's advice. The crisis passed; its cost was forgotten in the exultation of success; the British Empire in the East was saved; none the less did the Mutiny preach the stern lesson that the government of a great dependency such as India is fraught with grave problems and beset with incalculable dangers, and that, when a man of genius, insight, and experience, speaking with Lord Dalhousie's authority, warns the Government of an existing source of peril, those who neglect or defy his representations run the risk of bringing the whole mighty fabric to the ground. Lord Dalhousie's vigorous forward policy is sometimes accused of having contributed to the Mutiny. History will qualify the accusation by recording that his sagacious military reforms would, if they had been allowed to see the light, have gone far towards preventing it.

POLO IN INDIA.*

NO new outdoor game of recent introduction has taken such a hold on public favour as polo. Lawn tennis can scarcely be considered a new game, it is rather an adaptation of an old one to outdoor practice. It may be said that polo is merely hockey on horseback, and therefore in the same category as an adaptation of an existent game; but the fact that a horse, or rather a pony, is an essential part of it entirely alters all the conditions, and gives it practically all the advantages of novelty. The game is of native Indian origin, and was taken up by English officers there less than thirty years ago; the credit of doing so is due to General G. Stewart, Superintendent of Cachar, in 1862, who induced his brother officers to adopt the game as played there by the Manipuris under the name of "kangai"; the name

"polo," which has superseded the other, belongs to the Tibetan form of the game. General Stewart and his brothers started polo clubs at Calcutta, Cawnpore, and Peshawur, and the game spread rapidly over the whole of Northern India; at the present time Captain Younghusband says that there is scarcely a station, however small, that has not its polo-ground, and most regiments, both British and native, can make up a game among their own officers. Captain Younghusband only professes to treat of polo as played in India, but the greater part of his book will be of use to players in any part of the world. A work of the sort was much needed to promote the universal adoption of the same rules everywhere, and to lay down with precision the duties of the different members of a team. The chapter on the purchase of polo ponies contains a good story or two, from which it appears that Indian horse-dealers have nothing to learn of Europeans in the matter of sharp practice. Captain Younghusband's hints on training a pony are clear and practical, the two principal requisites being, in his estimation, patience and practice; he puts as the first essential to success steady daily work, as opposed to spasmodic training, and as the second *never* to get angry with the pony.

The game has naturally undergone considerable modifications since its first introduction. Captain Younghusband gives the rules of the original Cachar "Kangai" Club of 1863, and the present rules as revised at Umballa in 1887. It appears that, as originally played, the game was a much slower one; there was little galloping about and no hustling; only one pony was allowed to be used by each player in a match—a restriction that, with the present style of play, would be physically impossible. The ball was hit calmly about by elaborate gallery strokes, and any one who happened to get it near him took his time over the stroke, or else tipped it gently along, knowing that nobody would be so ungentlemanly as to come and take it from him, save at a critical moment near a goal. The ponies were small and handy, as pace was no great object; every man in a team was a skilled player, equally good in any part of the field, and thinking more of his own individual prowess than of working in combination with the rest of his side. The introduction of tournaments, closely contested between rival teams, led to the changes which have taken place in the style of play. It was very soon evident that the subordination of individual play to the combined operations of a team was the most effective way of ensuring success. Separate duties were assigned to the different players, "flying man," "back," and so on, and more space was wanted for their operations. With the enlargement of the ground greater pace was required so as to cover it, and the size of the ponies had, consequently, to be increased. Hustling the enemy and getting past their "back" by means of a "flying man" mounted on a very fast, handy pony, became the most effective system of attack. Captain Younghusband sympathizes to some extent with those who think that polo has lost many of its charms as a game of skill. How would it be, he asks, if in cricket the wicket-keeper were allowed to hustle the batsman, or if one of the partners at racquets were told off to crook the adversaries' racquets, or otherwise prevent their hitting the ball? And yet this is what it comes to in polo, till it is no exaggeration to put it, as Captain Younghusband does, that every member of a team is either engaged in annoying some one else or in being annoyed. Football has been much improved where the "hacking" element has been eliminated; the only game where anything of the sort is encouraged is La Crosse, and the result is that in Canada it not unfrequently leads to something like a free fight, in which the spectators have to interfere to separate the excited combatants. Captain Younghusband suggests that hustling at polo should be altogether abolished, not only for the sake of doing away with what is frequently the cause of fatal accidents, but as a change for the better in altering the present nature of the game. It would further, as he points out, have the advantage of rendering the game less expensive by reducing the strain on the ponies, which are quickly used up under the present system. Captain Younghusband goes in detail into the most economical and efficient methods of managing a polo club, and of getting together a team likely to prove victorious in tournaments. The difficulty of this last lies, in his judgment, at the beginning. There is all the difference in the world between an inferior team and a middling good one, while the latter may become a first-class one in a few months. The open tournaments have in every case been won by regiments which have put in a long period of Indian service. Success is only to be attained by years of training and expense, judiciously employed in the selection of men and ponies. It is satisfactory to learn that the game is played for honour and glory only, all the cups being now permanent challenge cups never held but for the year in which they are won.

SOME ATLASES AND MAPS.

WE chronicled at the time of its appearance Messrs. Philip's magnificent *Imperial Atlas of the World*; but it is too handsome and meritorious a production to be let pass with a mere mention, even though atlases, which are surpassed by few books of reference in usefulness, be of all the least easy to review in any proper sense. Only months and years of actual handling, with the result, as we have often said before, of finding them

* *Polo in India*. By Captain G. J. Younghusband. London and Calcutta: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

SOUTH AMERICA.*

useful or not useful when referred to, can really test them. But, in so far as it is possible to apply more immediate touchstones, the *Imperial Atlas* passes muster excellently. There are not more than one or two similar works, the offspring of the best cartographic establishments, which can challenge comparison with it in the combination of scale and modernness. The mere fact that the actual number of maps has been nearly doubled since the last issue frees it from the objection which the critic has so frequently to bring against atlases, that they have been worked up by re-engraving, instead of being designed afresh to a great extent. We are, indeed, not sure that we agree with all its principles. The fancy for orographical and such-like maps seems to us a mistake; and we do not think that in a general atlas any country should be cut up as England, Scotland, and Ireland are here. Subdivide as much as you may, you never can provide local maps of the same value as those which a county atlas will give, and you lose *ensemble*. Still, there may be countervailing advantages. The excellent plan of inseting small maps of important places and districts in the margins and empty spaces is carried out, not, indeed, to the same extent as in that triumph of arrangement, Spruner's *Atlas*, but to a very good extent. We observe a certain uncertainty as to the insertion or omission of roads—a rather difficult question. But we are glad to see that the classical, and not the ephemeral-pedantic, names are given to Indian places. The most ticklish question of all, the colouring of African "spheres of influence," is fairly resolved—partly, we must confess, by the ingenious expedient of making English and Portuguese different shades of red.

Messrs. Macmillan's *Library Reference Atlas*, to which we referred on the same occasion, is on a much smaller scale, but is also a handsome and portly book. To those who have not a large table or standing-desk always ready to serve as lectern for a volume which, when expanded, measures some thirty inches by twenty-two, this smaller volume may even seem preferable. Here the system of division of maps is almost obligatory; but in important cases it is always reinforced by a single *coup d'œil* plate. Here, too, the division in the "burning" country is even sounder. The German sphere is allowed up to the north point of Lake Nyassa, but not on the Stevenson road, and is, perhaps almost unkindly, cut short of Tanganyika altogether; Portugal has up to Tete on the Zambesi, and up to the Ruco on the Shiré, but not an inch further, and an ample No Man's Land is allowed between British South Africa (up to the Zambesi), the Congo State (down to Ilala, and trending away thence from Zumbo to the north of Lake Nyassa), and Angola. In all the maps that we have referred to the delimitations are sound, and the particulars sufficient, while there is an excellent index.

New friends and new loves are capital things provided they are not allowed to displace the old, and for our parts we have no intention of ever putting out of its place Mr. Stanford's *London Atlas*, the third edition of which in quarto form is now before us. We have used it constantly for years, and we have never found it surpassed for the combined merits of handiness, cheapness, accuracy, and clearness. The maps, of course, are fewer and on a smaller scale than those of its larger rivals; but this drawback is perhaps compensated by greater ease of reference. We are not sure ourselves that a compendious atlas, supplemented at different times by the sheet-maps, which all the best publishers issue at times when a particular district is of interest, is not a better thing than a more extensive volume, which, after all, never can pretend to extreme detail on the small scale. However this may be, all good things are good in their own way, and in its way the *London* is one of the best.

The *Century Atlas and Gazetteer* (London: Walker) is a cheap, light, and useful atlas, the worst thing about which is that the publishers have indulged in the detestable practice of sticking loose advertisement fly-sheets between the leaves. If we were not judiciously personified, this would make us condemn the said publishers' publication. As it is, we are only sorry that bad customs should so corrupt the world. It may interest Messrs. Walker and other erring persons to know that a league of formidable dimensions is being formed, every member of which has sworn, not only never to buy any book or other thing so advertised, but to defame, vilipend, and belittle it, to all persons who may be thinking of doing so.

In a still descending scale of pretension we come to an *Atlas of Commercial Geography*, edited by the universally competent hand (engaged on more than one of those already noticed) of Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, and issued by the Cambridge University Press. We do not entirely know why "commercial," but the atlas is an exceedingly useful, varied, and well-executed collection of those diagrams of diseases, January Isotherms, mineral and vegetable products, winds, metals, semi-metals, and distinguished philosophers, which are considered nowadays to have what, we believe, is called an educative value. The execution is very good.

Lastly, we may notice a most excellent map of Liguria, and the two Rivieras of the scale of 1:200,000, published by Signor Donath, Genoa, and Messrs. Philip, London, wherewith all visitors to any place between Cannes and Leghorn will do well to furnish themselves.

THE locomotive disposition must be extremely active in Mr. Frank Vincent, to judge by the stout volume before us, and varied titles of other excursive volumes that tell of the passionate traveller's energy in other lands. He must have exhausted by now the world's seaboard and rivers, and will be compelled to fall back on the interiors of continents. Happily these offer an ample field. There are the Mountains of the Moon, for example, and Prester John's land. But these enterprises are not to be compassed with all the resources of civilization at hand, resources of which Mr. Vincent speaks with natural admiration in the present journal of two and a half years' travel. Luxurious steamers, convenient railways, hotels—these are blessings highly appreciated by our traveller, who fails not to record the comforts provided, the rates of passage-money, and other charges. Smooth and pleasant must be your coasting way from port to port round South America with such advantages at your command, even though five and thirty thousand miles are covered before the sight of New York, "the apple of the Knickerbocker eye," stirs the patriot soul anew. Mr. Vincent's record, however, is a goodly one, if only the red line of his route on the map is studied. He steamed round a continent which is double the area of his own great country, and has one-half the population. He put in at almost all the ports, sojourned in all the chief cities, and ascended the Amazon, Orinoco, Uruguay, Paraná, and Magdalena rivers. He contrived also to visit every State or colony, omitting not the Falkland Islands, of South America. Of course a large proportion of this undertaking might easily be realized coastwise. But the ingenious traveller was not to be balked through the perverse isolation with which Chili has punished Bolivia. He passed over the Peruvian border from Arequipa by rail to La Paz that he should place his alert foot upon Bolivian territory, and apparently voyaged up the Paraná and down the Uruguay with the express object that the Argentine and Paraguay might be included in his visitation. Let us praise, then, the indomitable spirit of Mr. Vincent. It gives an epic finish to the mighty round of his wanderings. Man and cities chiefly engaged Mr. Vincent's observation, and the first feature to be noted of his chronicle is the multifarious character of his journal. But it would be unfair to suggest that he shut his eyes to the scenery. Although wholly free from modern effusiveness, and it is refreshing to note of him that he never Ruskinizes, there is some sound crisp description in his book of a genuine pictorial kind. He is almost rapturous, for example, when he describes the distant view of Chimborazo, the splendour of the Andes seen from Lake Titicaca, the beauty of Santiago and Rio Janeiro, the wonders of the fjords and glaciers of Southern Chili. Of the sea-like Amazon and other rivers he writes in a simple yet effective strain, while his account of an excursion up the Iguassu to the stupendous falls of that river is excellent description. Reserve in these matters is, after Darwin and Mr. Wallace, a proof of wisdom in the traveller. But it is in the streets and among all classes of the population that Mr. Vincent's powers of observation are best exercised. Nothing seems to escape his eye—his Knickerbocker eye, perhaps we should say. He notes both people and pavement; the characteristics of the former, the material of the latter. The multiplicity of things deemed worthy of notice is astonishing. At Georgetown it is the pleasing surprise of a bust of Longfellow in the Public Hall, on the Panama railroad the extortionate fare; but when did a monopoly have a conscience? asks Mr. Vincent. At Quito the bray of church bells and bugles, at Lima the fashion of kissing among the young ladies, and almost everywhere the New York origin of the cars, the nationality of the various engine-drivers, the equipment of the steamers, and so forth. The list of small matters noted is really inexhaustible. Costumes and customs, men and manners, these are the proper study of the curious traveller, and upon these subjects Mr. Vincent is decidedly instructive.

Nor does Mr. Vincent neglect to supply glimpses of the broader aspects of society and politics. As we are tenderly disposed towards the picturesque distinctions and imperfect international sympathies of mankind, we rejoice to find few signs or none at all in his review of South American communities of a Democratic union or confederation of all the States. Mr. Blaine's ideal scheme appears to exist only in the clouds. Mr. Vincent, at least, has nothing to say that indicates its possibility. Indeed, he never mentions it, and the signs, he observes, were quite contrary. Chili, for example, one of the most progressive of South American Republics, is probably the last country in the world to yoke itself unequally, or on any terms, in a democratic league, even should it tend to benefit the manufactures of the United States. It is a little odd, by the way, to find the complaint, oft-heard in England, of German competition and lack of national commercial enterprise applied by an American writer to his own countrymen. Yet Mr. Vincent refers to the small share of the United States in South American trade, contrasting the supineness of American merchants with the accomplished German who is found everywhere flourishing in South America, and concludes with the remark, "so long as our merchants sit quietly at home and wait for the business to go to them, there will be no commerce with these countries." Perhaps Mr. Vincent's frequent references to the ubiquitous English and Germans are intended to impress

* *Around and about South America*. By Frank Vincent. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Ltd. 1890.

his fellow-citizens. When, however, he says that the South American Republics are "bound by many interests" to trade with England and other European countries, paying in their own products, as he observes, for their wants, does he imagine that the Protectionists are not answerable to a large extent thereto? There is no better way of trading than paying for the goods you want with your own products. Next to taking and holding, if you can, what you require, it is the most primitive of methods, and still remains the best. If your products, however, are not admissible, save under a ruinous tariff, the argument in favour of the superior beauty and cheapness of United States hardware and so forth is a little too thin. In Ecuador and Peru the idea of the United States of the South is not likely to germinate. Mr. Vincent does not enumerate the revolutionary movements that have fizzled out in the brief interval since his visit, though at Quito and in Peru he witnessed those signs of insecurity which have long been normal, and are only strange to the stranger. On his map we do not find the "United States of Brazil." That revolution occurred since the dedication of Mr. Vincent's book "To H.M. Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil" was written, and cannot be taken to be favourable to Mr. Blaine's dreams of a Confederacy. We cannot take leave of Mr. Vincent's interesting, if somewhat bulky, volume, without mentioning the numerous plates after photographs, the majority of which illustrate and do not merely "embellish" the text. These comprise views of city and landscape, such as are common to books of travel; portraits of presidents, generals, and other illustrious personages; and a gallery of "types of female beauty" of various races and complexions, among them "a Lima belle," whose charms do not belie the proverbial beauty of the Lima ladies.

OLD FRIENDS.*

MR. LANG has published several pleasant volumes of reprinted contributions to newspapers; but none, we think, which equals this present book in variety of attraction. The contents are only, as their second title calls them, "Epistolary Parodies" in form; and, as we have said, they are only newspaper contributions in origin; but parodies may (though they rarely do) attain the rank of literature, and the wholesale objection which is sometimes made to the reprinting of newspaper articles not only ignores some very plain historical facts, but mistakes accident for substance. It is in no way of the essence of the "article" that it should be more flimsy or less scholarly than any other kind of literary work; though it may be very frankly confessed that it very often is.

Mr. Lang's title may be said to refer rather to an agreeable introductory essay which he has prefixed to his book than to the book itself. The epistolers are persons drawn from the Pantheon of fiction, sometimes from the same author or even book, but oftener, and perhaps more amusingly, from the personages of different books and different authors. The essay deals more particularly with the characteristic which has governed the selection of these personages. Mr. Lang points out very well that there is a curious difference between the personal attraction which the reader feels for the characters of different novelists, and that this attraction by no means varies simply as the mere literary greatness of the books or authors concerned. Although Mr. Lang does not definitely say so, we think he would agree with us when we lay it down that no writers of fiction have so much power of communicating to their characters this quality of personal friendliness (which does not in the least imply esteem, for some of the greatest rascals and rascalities have it) as Scott, Dumas, Thackeray, and Miss Austen. He seems to think that it is almost a condition precedent of the establishment of this friendship that it shall, like other friendships, begin when the reader is very young. We are not so sure of this. Of the two persons known to us who are most friends with most of Miss Austen's characters, one knew them from very early youth, and the other (owing to accident) not till he was a man; yet we think that Emma and Elizabeth, Mr. Collins (though, to be sure, he would not in the least understand), and Mr. Bennet (who would understand thoroughly) would graciously allow the intimacy to be equal in the two cases. Still, no doubt it is well to make good friends young, and that is the mischief of the modern disuse of the best authors for the sake of rubbish.

The letters themselves will naturally and necessarily please different people differently. As it is rather the fashion to admire Mr. Lang (and may the wench Fashion have no worse fortune!) a good many people will say they like them who do not like them at all, and a few people who do like them much will confess in fit companies that they like some better than others. The first from Clive Newcome is a little too seriously good ("the sooth boud is nae boud"), and, besides, to unbosom a horrible heresy, we never really liked Ethel Newcome. You could love her; but not like her. "From the Honourable Cecil Bertie to the Lady Guinevere" is the height of diversion entirely, though Miss Marie Corelli will not think so; and a good letter from Barry Lyndon to the Chevalier de Balibari follows. Unless our memory deceives us "From Mrs. Gamp to Mrs. Prig" has had its references to Mr. Gladstone somewhat pruned since it appeared first in the *St. James's Gazette*, but it is still capital, and "this walley of the shaddock" is about as good Dickensese as they make it.

* *Old Friends*. By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans & Co.

Some others we must pass by, but not the thrilling revelations of Mrs. Proudie to Mrs. Quiverful as to the guile of Rebecca Lady Crawley. One of the most interesting correspondences, historically and for literary merit, is that in which Captain Dugald Dalgetty explains, or at least accounts for, that incredible incident in the life of M. d'Artagnan when an Englishman ran away from Aramis. The story is not yet cleared up, and we do not think the Rittmeister's explanation wholly satisfactory; but no one can doubt that Alexander (who was not so well affected towards the nation which has always contained his staunchest and noblest admirers as he should have been) was wrongly informed as to the fact. On "From Lovelace to Belford" we have doubts; but none at all on the exchange between Christian and Piscator, or on that excellent common to the crisscross correspondence between two heroines of George Eliot's and Miss Broughton's and their admirers. The exposition of Dorothea is as good a deed as drink. We might mention others if solemn cataloguing in the case of work both light and holy were not something of a mistake. And so no more, save the advice "Read," and the caution "Read not too many at once," unless you be a blessed critical Glendoveer. For the rapid alteration of styles is apt to put out the non-critical palate, even as a Bordeaux dinner, delightful to the expert, perplexeth, and even sometimes disgusteth, the novice.

NOVELS.

MESSRS. F. C. PHILIPS'S and Percy Fendall's *A Daughter's Sacrifice* (though rather misnamed, as the daughter is an entirely insignificant person throughout) is a strong and interesting, if somewhat unpleasant, story. Mrs. Maroni, a beautiful woman of middle age, who in early youth made a runaway match with a Frenchman, only to wake up when too late to the unpleasant fact that the Frenchman was already provided with a legitimate spouse from whom he was separated in a friendly way, has settled, when the story opens, in the wilds of Cornwall, where she has brought up her two children, Harold and Alice, in absolute ignorance of their undesirable parentage. But, though she has retired from the world, she has never definitely cut the link between herself and M. de Tesles; and the periodical journeys she makes to London to meet him are represented to her children and surroundings as being visits made to a venerable grandmother. On one of these expeditions she has the ill luck to meet a certain Captain Malloret, an adventurer of good family, who had known her intimately in the former days, when she passed under the name of Mme. de Tesles. Tired of living on the charity of his landlady, Mrs. Potter ("one of those miscalculating people who take houses too large for them," and who try to retrieve their mistake by "receiving a boarder with unexceptionable references"), Malloret immediately does his best to borrow money from Mrs. Maroni. She flatly refuses, and declines to let him know where she lives—a precaution, however, which does not long baffle the adventurer, who follows her to Cornwall, and obliges her to receive him on the threat of exposing her past to her children. She resists his attempts to extort money, but finally gives way; but no sooner has he received the sum he asked for, than a more permanent way of keeping the wolf from the door occurs to him, and he formally demands from Mrs. Maroni the hand of her daughter Alice. The said daughter in the meantime has secretly engaged herself to a college friend of her brother's, Geoffrey Kingston by name, an astute youth who has clearly divined that there is some unpleasant mystery in Mrs. Maroni's past. Malloret's proposal brings things to a climax; Mrs. Maroni falls ill under the strain of her mental sufferings, and Malloret departs to give her time to think the matter over. She turns for help to Kingston; makes her confession to him, to which he responds by telling her of his engagement to Alice, and asks that their marriage should take place at once, saying that as Alice's husband he will have the right to defend his mother-in-law from the scoundrel Malloret. So far the story is comprehensible and the characters act in a natural way; but it seems to us that from here the authors have made it not only unnecessarily unpleasant, but that they lose their grip on the characters in consequence. Kingston is drowned trying to save a couple of small boys who fall into a river that flows through Mrs. Maroni's grounds, and Alice confesses to her mother that, instead of a mere engagement, she has actually while still living under her mother's roof (and for no apparent reason) married Geoffrey Kingston secretly, and expects to become a mother. Malloret becomes more pressing in his demands, and Alice consents to marry him on her mother promising her that she should part from her husband at the church door. To obtain this end, and to satisfy her thirst for vengeance on Malloret, the authors would have us believe that a clever woman, unburdened by any scruples, as Mrs. Maroni is described to be, and who is still haunted by the one idea of preventing her son Harold knowing anything of her past life, would force on everything she most desires to avoid by telling Malloret the whole story, and throwing

* *A Daughter's Sacrifice*. By F. C. Philips and Percy Fendall. 2 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

By Order of the Czar. By Joseph Hatton. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1890.

The Rajah's Heir. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

in his teeth the fact of the way in which he has been deceived. Of course Malloré's reply is to repeat to Harold the whole story of his mother's life and his sister's secret. What happens afterwards we will leave readers to discover for themselves in the pages of a book which is strong and interesting if not in one sense "enticing."

A leaflet on the title-page of Mr. Joseph Hatton's new novel informs the reading public that it has been "prohibited by the Government of the Czar from circulation in Russia." This is not much to be wondered at when one reads the story, which opens with a rising against the Jews in Southern Russia, and a repression of the rising by the Government. It would be hard to say whether the insurgents or the Government inflicted the greater amount of suffering on the unhappy Jewish community. Anna Klostock, the heroine, the beautiful daughter of the chief Jew merchant of the little town of Czarovna, not only witnesses her father and lover seized before her eyes (the latter being knouted to death), but herself suffers outrage at the hands of General Petronovitch, the Russian governor, and is also condemned to the knout in the public square. Almost miraculously she survives the punishment under which so many of her countrymen and countrywomen have died, and thereafter vows her life to vengeance on Petronovitch and on the Government of the Czar. Being given out as dead, she escapes from Russia, through the help of Count Stravensky, a noble who has secretly joined the Nihilists, and who subsequently marries Anna on his deathbed, and endows her with his vast fortune and estates. Armed with this wealth, her great beauty, and the position in Russian society that is naturally assigned to Count Stravensky's widow, Anna helps forward the Nihilistic movement in every way she can, never forgetting, however, her own private revenge against Petronovitch. This quest brings her to London when Petronovitch and his bride arrive there on their honeymoon. A young painter, Philip Forsyth, sees her at the opera, and loses his head completely at her strange beauty. How the glamour she casts over him brings him to the very boundary of Siberia, from which he is rescued at the eleventh hour, it would not be fair to describe in detail; suffice it to say, that he comes back a sadder and a wiser man, that Anna succeeds in her vengeance on the malignant Petronovitch, but that she—less fortunate than Philip—ends her days beside her father in Siberian exile.

It is not too often that so good a piece of literary workmanship as *The Rajah's Heir* comes before the world anonymously. Well conceived, well written, this story of the Indian Mutiny is one that should be read. The thread of occult mysticism that runs through the story is more suggested than insisted upon, and, treated in this way, it lends an additional interest to the story. The development of the character of Tom Gregory, the Rajah of Gumilund's heir, who has been brought up in England by a fondly jealous mother in absolute ignorance of the ties that unite him to India, when he learns that he is called to take possession of his kingdom; the part that he takes in the Mutiny; his quest through the jungle after his lost English love, Grace Elton; the description of this brave girl's sufferings, rescue, and ultimate death, are all told with simplicity and power. The author evidently knows India, and the minds of its many and varied races, and he has chosen an excellent form wherein to impart that knowledge. The only fault of the book is that which is usually to be found in the works of young authors—a long-windedness which is apt to weary the reader at times; but this is a defect that can easily be remedied in future.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

TWO stately volumes, very handsomely printed, papered, and otherwise got up, contain valuable, if rather numerous and unequally important, documents for the historian in reference to the transactions of France with the Algerian Deys from the sixteenth century to the date of the French annexation (1). As is well known, the relations of France with the Mohammedan Powers were always rather curious. Her subjects, like those of other Mediterranean States, were constantly victims to the system of piracy which existed into the present century; yet no nation was more responsible for the scandalous toleration of a nuisance to which, at any rate after Lepanto, union among the Christian Powers could have put a stop at any moment. That France, which was the principal, though by no means the only, sinner, should have profited in the long run, both in Algeria and in Tunis, is at first rather an uncomfortable exception to the morality which as a whole governs history; but the end of these things is not yet. M. Plantet, the editor of these papers, is attached to the French Foreign Office, and seems to have left nothing undone for the satisfactory execution of his task.

M. Petroz's Sketch of a History of Painting (2) is rather oddly conditioned, both by his general fashion of treatment and by the limitations of his range of illustration. The latter, indeed—the examples contained in the Louvre—he is practically obliged to disregard now and then, as in the case of the English school, in respect to which, though his information seems to be somewhat narrow, he takes a very different tone from that which used to be

fashionable with French critics before the Exhibition of 1867 opened their eyes. But his general scheme of "determining the relation of the different schools with the contemporary state of things intellectual, social, and moral," is still more open to exception. There has, of course, been a craze for this kind of bastard history for a full generation now, but it has generally been as unproductive as other hybrids, and at best has been a brilliant—at worst a far from brilliant—failure. M. Petroz is a man of industry and by no means uncritical, while he seems to be commendably free from the prejudice which even criticism does not always eradicate from the human mind; but his *idée mère* is too vague and too exacting. A man had need to be of encyclopedic knowledge to carry it out without slips of fact such as that which makes M. Petroz take Archbishop Warham for a Protestant, and even such knowledge would not enable him to carry out satisfactorily a scheme which is bad in its inception. Yet M. Petroz is worth reading.

The twenty-ninth volume of M. Henri de Parville's *Causeries scientifiques* (3) is, appropriately enough, devoted wholly to an account of the Paris Exhibition of last year. The very name of M. Rothschild is warrant for the irreproachable execution of the book in printing, paper, and illustration (the last of which is very lavish); and we think we may say that its seven hundred pages provide by far the best record of the Exhibition, at once fairly popular and rigorously exact, that is likely to appear. That it has not been hurried in its appearance is of itself a testimony to the completeness with which the work has been done.

The representatives of the late M. Thouvenel (4) appear to be continuing that publication of his papers which was begun by *Le secret de l'Empereur*; and they are to be congratulated on having abandoned the catchpenny form of title in favour of one more suitable and exact. M. Thouvenel *dans son jeune âge*, as they would have said *langsyne*, was in 1845 appointed Secretary of Legation at Athens under that oddly-named, and in some respects oddly-natured, diplomatist, M. Piscatory. The curious, and rather absurd, antagonism between France and England in the Levant (satirized in many passages of our literature—notably some brilliant ones of Mr. Thackeray) was nowhere more accentuated than at Athens, where Piscatory, a fervent Guizotite, played something like the part of Cabasse de Castillonnes to Sir Edmund Lyons's Lord Kew. (N.B. French accounts would invert the parts.) Thouvenel, though a patriotic person, never quite threw himself in with this. He feared Germany, distrusted Russia, and though acknowledging frankly that, despite his adoration for two Englishwomen, he disliked Englishmen, he says somewhere that he is afraid our *gros et impitoyable bon sens* has the best of it. Also (which is very interesting indeed) he confesses that the English Minister's house was the only place in Athens, French Legation not excepted, where a decent dinner could be got. And, further, his rejoicings over the Spanish Marriages are very qualified. The book is interesting to Englishmen because it contains one of the fullest accounts anywhere known to us of the too celebrated Pacifico incident, when, to apply perhaps the very worst lines that an undoubted poet ever wrote, "The might of England flushed To anticipate the scene" with a wretched little tenth-rate Power on behalf of a Gibraltar Jew of Portuguese extraction who had all the defects of his various nationalities. We are inclined to think that it had to be done; but would the occasion have been better.

M. Levi-Brühl's essay on the growth of the sentiment of nationality in Germany (5) is interesting, but a little desultory. It sketches chiefly, though not wholly, the influence of philosophers and men of letters on the matter, and has the merit of carrying the subject back as far as Leibnitz.

M. Louis Leger, a professor at the Collège de France and a ready writer, is well known as being an ardent and instructed Slavophile. He is a great believer in the future of the Slavs, which some of us think to be a mere false dawn, or, worse, a reflected flare-up of borrowed fires; and the reprinted essays which he gives here (6) tend to show that, if France weds Russia, she "will not make a *mésalliance*." This is matter of opinion; but the essays are varied in subject, well informed, and clearly written.

M. Léon Delbos writes to us to disclaim all responsibility for the edition of *La Métromanie*, published by Messrs. Heath of Boston (Mass.), and noticed here last week.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE class of descriptive books on Egypt, of which Mr. Jeremiah Lynch's *Egyptian Sketches* (Arnold) is a comely specimen, illustrated with fair woodcuts, is already sufficiently large, and will probably go on increasing while the Pyramids stand and the Nile flows above ground. Mr. Lynch's range is not extensive. He sojourned some months in Cairo, visited the Pyramids, and ascended the Nile to Thebes. Fortified by this experience, he contributes his impressions of Egypt to the annual

(3) *L'Exposition Universelle*. Par Henri de Parville. Paris: Rothschild.

(4) *La Grèce du roi Othon. Correspondance de M. Thouvenel*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Essai sur le développement de la conscience nationale en Allemagne*. Par L. Levi-Brühl. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *Russes et Slaves*. Par L. Leger. Paris: Hachette.

(1) *Correspondance des Deys d'Alger avec la cour de France, 1579-1833*. Publiée par E. Plantet. Paris: Alcan.

(2) *Esquisse d'une histoire de la peinture au Musée du Louvre*. Par Pierre Petroz. Paris: Alcan.

product of Nile voyagers and tourists. He writes as a stranger in a strange land. Of Belzoni, Champollion, Mariette, and the rest, does he tell the wondrous tale, in part at least, and he commends to the reader the "scintillating theories" of Mr. Piazzi Smythe. Like Mr. Chamberlain, he is greatly impressed by the beneficent results of the British occupation, thinks the British are going to stay, and proceeds to offer, as a citizen of the United States, the excellent advice that India should never be given up. The frank friendliness of Mr. Lynch's tone is really gratifying. In matters of art and archaeology he shows himself to be, as he declares, "no Egyptologist." Indeed, his notions are a little odd, for he visited Denderah because it contains "a memory and portrait of Cleopatra," accepted the so-called portrait as portraiture in the modern sense, and obviously considers that the Ptolemies were true Egyptians such as are seen in the land now. But this fallacy is yet more hard to lay than the most of those which Sir Thomas Browne attempts to suppress. Then Mr. Lynch supposes that, if "old Rameses," the second, could look on the Pyramids at this time, he would find them, apparently, "not a day older" than when he last viewed them, though, on another page, Mr. Lynch expresses a proper wrath at the spectacle of an Englishman building his hotel of the casing-stones of these same pyramids.

Graphic Sketches of the West, by Henry Brainard Kent (Chicago: Donnelley; London: Brentano's), is a kind of illustrated guide-book to California, Colorado, and other Western States, made up of New York newspaper letters adorned with process pictures that range between the photographic and the blurred or blotty impressionistic. Mr. Kent writes "entirely independent of corporate interests." His style is certainly independent when his florid pen describes the wonders of the Yosemite country, the Mariposa trees, the Californian orange-groves, where, if "vigilance committees" permit, you may safely pluck "large and luscious pendants of saporific gold." In some matters even a newspaper correspondent may be a little backward, for Mr. Kent writes of the *Sequoia*, "I learn from the botanists that it has been already introduced in Great Britain." To judge from his portrait, Mr. Kent must have been an infant in arms when the first specimen was raised in this country.

In Far Dakota, by Mrs. Mary Locke (Allen & Co.), though put forth as one of a series of small books for settlers in the colonies and America, is really a short story, and one of a decidedly dramatic type. Without doubt, local colour is employed by the author; but we cannot say it is likely to instruct the new settler in many things, though it may lead him to believe there is a season of idleness for the young farmer in Dakota wherein he may take himself to the nearest town for recreation till the season returns for him to "commence farming." This pleasant arrangement may tempt some to try Dakota. Mrs. Locke's story, however, is brightly written and interesting throughout.

In a pamphlet entitled *The Opening of the Arctic Sea* (Ridgway) Mr. H. A. H. Dunsford, C.E., makes a modest proposal to remove the ice-cap from the North Polar regions by means of some powerful explosive, such as dynamite, and so create an open sea that would be kept open by the free action of the Gulf stream and the warm Japan current. Mr. Dunsford writes jauntily about removing the "ice-cap," as he calls, with the reverence common to engineers, the majestic covering of the Pole, so that you might imagine it to be as removable as the cap of a schoolboy. He says it will not be easy, but money and men will do it. When he talks about making a channel wide enough for the warm current to pass through "without losing its heat on the way," he forgets to say how he proposes to preserve the heat of the stream between the ice-banks, and appears to imagine that the two great warm currents arrive piping warm at the "ice-cap," which is contrary to the teachings of Carpenter and other investigators.

The problem of an open Arctic sea is solved in another fashion in Mr. Lawson Johnstone's romance, *The Paradise of the North* (Remington & Co.). Mr. Dunsford may scorn the solution as nonsense, or stuff of the romancer; but, if it be nonsense, it is at least amusing, which Mr. Dunsford's certainly is not. The adventures in Mr. Johnstone's story, when in difficulties with the ice, gallantly charge the obstacle, not with dynamite, but with the full powers of their stout little steamer. They ultimately reach the Pole itself, after discovering an open sea, a fair green land abounding in game, with volcanoes, mountains of lignite "equal to the best Scotch coal"—a poor compliment to such excellent fuel—and enter a paradise, in fact, kept in temperate case by nice warm streams and an occasional earthquake. The inhabitants of this fair region are an astounding race of antique Northmen, probably cut off from the civilizing influence of Europe by some intervening glacial catastrophe in the dim past. Mr. Johnstone's story overruns with marvellous incidents, and suggests at times the influence of Mr. Rider Haggard. The episode of the rival expedition is a mistake, as it does not lead to any passionate complications, as when the original *Sea Lion* in Cooper's story is haunted on its voyage southward by the ship of the Martha's Vineyard men.

Under the title *National Health* (Longmans & Co.) we have an abridgment, in one volume, by Dr. B. W. Richardson, of Sir Edwin Chadwick's chief work on sanitation, *The Health of Nations*, with portrait and biographical sketch of the author.

Those who yearn for sequels may be soothed by Mr. Ednah D. Cheney's *Nora's Return* (Boston: Lee & Shepard), in which the reconciliation of Nora and Helmar is set forth. One sequel, it

seems, makes many. It was the dissatisfaction aroused in Mr. Cheney by Mr. Walter Besant's "sequel" to *The Doll's House* in *Macmillan's Magazine* that prompted the present effusion. Mr. Cheney's solution may please simple souls. Nora finds satisfaction in service. She becomes a trained nurse and tends Helmar in a dangerous illness. His "egotistic but honest nature" is not proof against her devotion. They confess their faults and make it up. Somehow it seems like a fairy-tale, as children say; very pretty, yet a good deal incredible.

The minor verse at hand, in sundry slim volumes, is far from cheering. *A Little Book*, by George Herbert Kersley (Bickers), comprises mournful numbers of a sub-Byronic flavour dealing with dark themes in introspective fashion. The leading poem of Mr. W. J. Abram's volume, *An Old Man's Love* (H. J. Drane), is composed in blank, opens prosily with

At even-time, an old man, thoughtfully
Gazed on the flitting phantoms of the fire,

and closes with the admirable sentiment—

A happy home, however small it be,
Is better than a mansion full of sin.

In *A Pean of the Past* (Dover: Johnson) Mr. Hyslop contrives to make the Spenserian stanza hideous. Mr. George Deans, under the odd and somewhat derogatory title *Harp Strums* (Kelso: Rutherford), is a voluble, if not an inspired, maker of ballads and songs, charged with natural sentiments and Scottish patriotism.

The chief drawback to the series of "Lays of Old Rome for Old England" penned by Storicus, entitled *English Babes and Irish Bullies* (Kennett & Co.), is that the point of them is not too clearly announced to the non-classical newspaper reader, who can scarcely be expected to be sufficiently read in Ovid to enjoy the full flavour of these re-formed old apologues.

Of several slender volumes of verse before us, that most quick with inspiration and instinct with grace is Mr. Gerard Bendall's *Ivy and Passionflower* (Heinemann). The absence of artifice and the trace of labour to be noted of Mr. Bendall's charming and dainty songs distinguish his little book from the average offering of the minor poet. "The Shepherd," "Lead Me," and a dozen more that might be named are genuine lyrics, sweet, simple, and impassioned, such as should inspire the musician to a setting.

The *Sacred Songs* of the Rev. Dr. Matheson (Blackwood & Sons) are exceptionally favourable specimens of the devotional poetry of the day. They are marked by individuality of thought, and do not reflect, as is the ineffectual way of some moderns, broken lights from the celestial flame of Crashaw or Herbert.

The second edition of Lord Carnarvon's *Letters of Lord Chesterfield* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press) appears with an appendix of the correspondence with Mr. Arthur Charles Stanhope and the "posthumous" letter addressed to the godson while at Leipzig, and said to have been left with Dr. Dodd for delivery on his return.

We have also received an "abridged and popular" edition of M. du Chaillu's famous gorilla book, *Adventures in the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa* (John Murray); the tenth edition of Mr. William Thomson's practical treatise, *On the Cultivation of the Grape Vine* (Blackwood); *The India Office List for 1890* (Harrison), which includes the usual record of members of the Civil Service, with maps, &c.; *The Medical Register*, and *The Dentist's Register*, both for the current year, and published for the General Medical Council by Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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